

THE LIGUORIAN



A Popular Monthly Magazine

Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth

According to the Spirit of St.

of Catholic Belief and Practice

Vol. XXVIII.

FEBRUARY, 1940

No. 2

CONTENTS

Articles

	PAGE
THE DOUBLE STANDARD - - - - -	67
C. D. McENNIRY	
ON CELEBRATING BIRTHDAYS - - - - -	74
E. F. MILLER	
FINNS UP - - - - -	81
F. L. VICKSTROM	
THEOPHOBIA - - - - -	85
C. DUHART	
THE RICH MAN'S ARGUMENT - - - - -	99
L. M. MERRILL	

Stories and Biography

REVELATION - - - - -	80
L. G. MILLER	
G. K. CHESTERTON - - - - -	93
A. T. ZELLER	
MOTHER MARY ODILIA - - - - -	104
W. T. CULLEN	

Miscellaneous

ON COMMUNION FOR THE SICK - - - - -	73
D. F. MILLER	
THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN - - - - -	92
L. F. HYLAND	
QUESTION OF THE MONTH - - - - -	103
F. A. RYAN	
MOMENTS AT MASS - - - - -	112
F. A. BRUNNER	
CHANT FOR LENT (Verse) - - - - -	66
D. F. MILLER	

Departments

CATHOLIC ANECDOTES - - - - -	113
POINTED PARAGRAPHS - - - - -	115
LIGUORIANA - - - - -	122
BOOK REVIEWS - - - - -	124
CATHOLIC COMMENT - - - - -	126
LUCID INTERVALS - - - - -	128

CHANT FOR LENT

Now let our songs be still
Now let us bend
Head, heart and wayward will
Unto this end

That from true sorrow's vale,
Traversed with prayer,
We may the mountain scale —
The mountain where

Transfiguration waits
Like His Who went
Through death's benumbing gates
Bloodless and spent —

Like His Who flung the stone
Back from death's door
And went to greet His own
Fearing no more —

Whispering the old refrain
"This, this is meet
That one must sorrow drain
To taste the sweet."

* * *

Now let our songs be still,
Now it is meet
To climb the weary hill
And face defeat

For each crude passion's sway,
For each stark sin —
That joy may find the way
To enter in.

— D. F. Miller.

FATHER TIM CASEY

THE DOUBLE STANDARD

C. D. McENNERY

IT AUGURED well for the spirit of Christian harmony in St. Mary's Parish that the President and the Secretary of the Married Men's Society should be chosen from two such distinct social groups. The former, Vernon Crickles, was a high official in National Steel, the latter, Bart Keaveny, held an important post in the labor union. What is more, they were in perfect agreement, though from different motives, as to their candidate for the coming Communion breakfast — if only they could secure the pastor's consent.

Keaveny had a free and easy way with him, and so he it was who was expected to break the ice. "Father Casey, we just dropped in to see whether you want us to begin scouting around to find a good talker to address the men on Communion Sunday."

"That's right, Bart," the tired priest answered warmly, gratified to see how these two capable and efficient men took so many burdens off his shoulders. "It was mighty good of you to remind me, otherwise I might have left it till the last moment. I wonder now whom we should ask. The men deserve the very best, nothing less."

Keaveny made a pretense of wondering too. "Let — me — see. St. Malachy's had Wainwright. He is good, though a bit long-winded, and —"

"Say, how about inviting the Honorable Valentine Wolf?" Crickles burst out suddenly.

"Capital! He's just our man," Keaveny agreed. From the tone of surprised pleasure one would never have dreamed that the two men had agreed on him before ever they entered the rectory.

THE suggestion got the reception they had feared. "Gentlemen," the pastor was definite, "Right from the start we will eliminate all politicians running for office. When they want to do their electioneering let them hire a hall."

"I can give you an absolute guarantee, Father Casey, that Wolf will not breathe so much as one word about politics." Crickles was

THE LIGURIAN

forgetting that his sudden bright suggestion was supposed to be altogether unpremeditated. "He will give a pep talk that will make the men proud of their faith and zealous for the Society."

"He's the lad that can do it. I'll say that for him," Keaveny corroborated.

"But the mere fact," Father Casey persisted, "that he is a candidate for re-election —"

"Pardon me, Father. He will not come to us in that capacity. He is at present our duly elected Representative. It ought to be perfectly proper for us Catholics, who are taught to respect all lawful authority, to show him this honor, honor to the office rather than to the man — all the more so since he is such an exemplary Catholic himself."

"Is that true? Is he really a genuine Catholic?"

"None better, Your Reverence."

"I am glad to know it. Surely in these confused and critical times the country needs genuine Catholics in Congress. I myself have never met the Honorable Valentine Wolf. I have listened to his speeches, and as a matter of duty, since he is our Representative, I have carefully followed his activity in Washington. — I must say however I have not found anything in either to convince me that he is an exemplary Catholic."

"I refer to his private life, Father Casey. Naturally you would not expect him to be parading his Catholicity in the House of Representatives."

"What do you understand by parading his Catholicity? Wearing a Sacred Heart badge? Blessing himself before he addresses the Speaker? No, I do not expect that. But I certainly do expect an exemplary Catholic to prove himself exemplary in a session of Congress quite as much as in a sodality meeting."

"What do you mean, Father?"

"An exemplary Catholic does his duty. The more important the duty, the more conscientious he is in fulfilling it. There are few duties so important as that of a lawmaker in this country today."

"But his record in Congress has been unimpeachable. Even his opponents must admit the fact."

"As a Democrat, perhaps. As a party man, perhaps. I am speaking of his record as an exemplary Catholic, and I say I have not been able to find that it was any different from that of any good-living atheist."

THE LIGUORIAN

"Why, what would you have him do?"

"I would have him do his duty. His duty is to make just and necessary laws. Therefore it is his duty to master, as far as he can, the solid principles, the Catholic principles, underlying such laws, and then to work with all his might for the enactment of such laws, and such laws only. I do not see that the Honorable Valentine Wolf has done that."

"Father Casey, that looks like a mighty big order to me. It is asking pretty much of a politician. Politics, you know, is a strenuous game — and not always the cleanest kind of a game. Whoever goes in for politics has to play ball or get off the diamond. But I know Val Wolf's private life, and I can assure you that he is a good Catholic — every bit as good as Keaveny or myself."

"Hmmm, as good as Keaveny or yourself. Are you and Keaveny good Catholics?"

THE two men looked at their pastor in pained surprise. Weren't they at Mass every Sunday without fail? And at the men's Communion once a month? Didn't they support the church and send their children to the Catholic school? Whatever was he talking about?

He soon let them know.

"Crickles, I do not believe that your Company always practises justice and charity towards its employees. — Am I right, Keaveny?"

"I'll say you are," Keaveny responded heartily. But his heartiness wilted suddenly when the priest continued: "And I do not believe that your Union always practices justice and charity towards the Company. — Am I right, Crickles?"

"I regret to say that you are."

"And furthermore I do not believe that either the Company or the Union invariably practices justice and charity towards the consumers. In fact, I doubt whether they give a rap for the consumers, provided only their own selfish ends can be obtained. Am I right?"

Both grudgingly gave a more or less ambiguous assent.

"Which proves," he insisted, "that neither the Company nor the Union is conducted on true Christian principles. Now you both hold responsible positions in these concerns. You know the true Christian principles — at least you know where to find them. What have you done, as good Catholics, to remedy the situation?"

"Father Casey," Keaveny assured him, "the Union officials are a

hardboiled lot. They've got to be. You can't talk Christian principles to them."

"Did you ever try?"

"Father Casey," Crickles came forward with his own defense, "with the intense competition forced upon it by this interminable crisis, business has to stick strictly to business, or go under. If we Catholics live up to our religion in our private life, I think that is pretty nearly all that can be demanded of us."

"You mean keep the Commandments of God while you are at home or in the church, but leave them behind when you go to the office?"

"Oh, of course we must keep the Commandments everywhere."

"God's Command says: Thou shalt not steal. That is: Thou shalt practice justice — everywhere. God's Command says: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and thy neighbor as thyself. That is: Thou shalt practice charity — everywhere. The Company and the Union do not always practice justice and charity towards each other or towards the consumers. Therefore you do forget the Commandments while you are in the office. How can I call you good Catholics?"

"But, Father Casey, I am not the Company."

"Neither am I the Union."

"What else is the Company but a lot of Crickles? What else is the Union but a lot of Keavenys? Whatever the Company does is done by the Crickles. Whatever the Union does is done by the Keavenys. And the Crickles and the Keavenys are bound everywhere and always to keep the laws laid down by an All-wise God regarding their duties towards Him and towards their fellowmen."

"**B**UT, Father Casey, you must take into consideration the multiple intricacies of modern business. Everybody admits now that there is a distinction between a man's private life and his public — his business or political — life."

"Almighty God admits no such distinction. If modern business disagrees with Almighty God, so much the worse for modern business. The same *person* lives both lives. That person will go to hell just as quickly for breaking God's Commandments in his public life as in his private life — even more quickly, for the evil effects are so much more harmful and wide-spread, and consequently the sin so much greater."

"Father Casey, that sounds mighty hard."

THE LIGUORIAN

"Listen, gentlemen. A man might have been a devoted husband, a loving father, and even an elder of the meetinghouse in his private life, but if in his public life he belonged to a horse-thief gang, they hanged him just the same. That does not sound hard to you. Why not? Because you do not happen to be a horse thief. But the sins against justice and charity committed by a horse-thief gang never cause one one-millionth of the suffering resultant from the sins against justice and charity that can be committed by a Company or a Union."

"Father Casey, that comparison makes a fifty-million dollar company look like — like two cents. But tell us — what precisely are we to do about it?"

"It is not for the likes of me to tell you people *precisely* what you are to do. I have never sat in on a directors' meeting nor helped to plan labor union strategy."

"Then why ballyrag us?" Keaveny demanded.

"Because you are heretics, the pair of you. Here you are defending the modern heresy that a man can follow one code of morals in his private life and another in his public or business life — a malignant heresy which too many of our Catholics have insensibly begun to follow. This heresy is the natural spawn of a materialistic society which has long been striving to confine God and the things of God within the four walls of the home and the church, thus destroying the true idea of God and of man's absolute dependence on Him. This heresy is the cause of the crying industrial and social evils of today. The evils cannot be cured until the heresy is rejected. Men must be brought to admit that God is the master everywhere and that his laws of justice and charity must be obeyed by everybody, whether acting as individuals or as members of a company or a union."

"When that goal is reached," Crickles reflected, "we shall have an ideal world. Still I wonder — who knows — we might have our troubles even then."

"Of course we should have our troubles. Some troubles caused by the ignorance of those who did not know the right thing to do. Some caused by the malice of those who knew the right thing but failed to do it. Of course we should have our troubles, but we should be able to save our souls. Furthermore having solid principles to guide us, we ought to be able to find a remedy for most of our troubles. —

Something we never can hope to do so long as we cling to this damnable heresy."

"AND in the meantime, what about us—myself and Crickles here?"

"As for you? I know you both well enough to have confidence in you—confidence in your unswerving faith and sterling character. As for you, it is enough that the heresy has been unmasked before your eyes. I have no doubt that you will straightway reject it; then you yourselves will proceed to find out exactly what it is your duty to do in your respective positions."

"And you are agreeable, Father Tim, we'll just be forgetting about the Honorable Valentine Wolf. Let yourself come in to the Communion breakfast and repeat what you said tonight. It's good for what ails us all," said Keaveny.

Man of Knowledge

Father Alban Butler, the distinguished author of *Lives of the Saints*, was an intensely spiritual man, whose only purpose in life was the promotion of the glory of God and the salvation of souls. One should imagine that his knowledge would be confined to Asceticism, Theology, and the other branches of sacred learning. Such was not the case. His information on all things was truly astounding. This was made manifest in a visit he paid one day to the bishop of his diocese whose drawing room was filled with company.

The bishop first introduced him to a group of military men who were conversing on the question, keenly debated at that time, whether in battle the *thin line* array of soldiers was preferable to the *deep line* as observed by the ancients. When Father Butler was asked his opinion, more out of politeness than for any other reason, he spoke on the art of war, shyly and modestly, but with a depth of learning that surprised the most consummate of military men. His knowledge on warfare surpassed by far that of any man in the room.

Then the bishop introduced him to a group of lawyers discussing a point of common law. Again Father Butler astounded his hearers by his knowledge of law both ancient and modern.

Next the bishop presented him to the ladies and asked him whether the women in olden times wore their head-dresses as high as modern women. The priest forthwith described in detail the dresses, both of men and women, in the various ages of the English monarchy; then he went back to ancient times and even gave the *exact measurement* of the head-dresses of the ladies of those far distant days.

Three Minute Instruction

ON COMMUNION FOR THE SICK

One of the unkindest omissions on the part of the family and relatives of seriously sick Catholics is not to arrange for them an opportunity to receive the Sacraments. When one is either seriously ill or bed-ridden for a long period of time, the priest should be informed and requested to visit the sick person and administer the Sacraments if possible. When the priest comes to the house with the Blessed Sacrament, these rules should be followed:

1. Before the priest arrives, the following things should be prepared beside the sick person's bed: a small table covered with a white cloth. On the table a crucifix, two (or at least one) blessed candles, a small glass half filled with water, and a teaspoon. If Extreme Unction is to be administered, a small wad of cotton should be added. The table should be free of other articles.

2. When the priest arrives, he should be met at the door by a member of the family holding one of the lighted blessed candles, who should kneel as the priest enters and then lead the way to the sick room in silence. There the candle should be placed on the table beside the bed. If the sick person's confession is to be heard, all present should leave the room, waiting outside until the priest opens the door to readmit them before Communion is given. Those present should then kneel about the bed.

3. If the priest has to leave immediately after Holy Communion is given, one of the family should read from a prayerbook a few prayers of thanksgiving to the sick person. It is not right to begin conversation on ordinary topics immediately after Holy Communion has been received, because the Body and Blood of the Saviour are still present for some minutes.

It is not unusual for Catholics either to neglect to call the priest when serious illness comes to some member of the family, or to find themselves without the things necessary for the Communion call. Every Catholic home should be provided with the simple items enumerated above and should know how and when to use them.

ON CELEBRATING BIRTHDAYS

The slap on the back, the cake with candles, the wishes and the songs of birthdays, are here analyzed with true feeling.

E. F. MILLER

WHY do people celebrate birthdays? A most difficult question to answer. A cynic might say that there is no reason for it at all, that it should be just the opposite, namely, instead of celebrations, mourning with dirges and dark brown candles, and the dinner table spread with a pall such as covers the catafalque on the anniversary of a death. To the cynic birth is a misfortune that cannot be removed too soon by death. The great philosopher Nietzsche even wrote an essay on the glories of suicide to prove this point.

But to the Christian, birth is by no means a calamity so terrible. It means the giving of life, and a life adorned with understanding and free will which raise it above all other created things. Not even the angels have free will; certainly the animals have not. The Creator might have made this thing, destined to be born a man, a tree or a cat or a star hanging in the sky; He could have decreed that it be an apple on a tree or a clod of earth upon the ground. Yet He did not. Through an exercise of extraordinary power He drew from nothing a soul and surrounded it with an intricate mechanism of blood and bone, of nerves and brain and heart, and stood it up in the midst of His creation that the heavens might admire it and give glory to the God Who made it.

Even this is not the full significance of birth. It is only the beginning. After molding man into a masterpiece of divine ingenuity, God said: "Beautiful though my creation, man, is, he shall be far more beautiful in the garment with which I shall adorn him at the moment of his baptism. From My own wardrobe I shall select a gown, till now worn only by Divinity, and over the shoulders of his soul I shall let it fall, so that all coming by with eyes to see will almost be led to believe that here there stands a God and not a man."

Is not the memory of that tremendous fact worth celebrating? The commemoration of man's birth is but a reminder that the greatness given him at the moment he first saw the light of day, but the fullness

THE LIGURIAN

of which he was not allowed to enjoy because of the sin that he committed, is now drawing near to fruition, that the appendages of birth and the price of sin — sorrow, sickness, death — are one year closer to the end, and that heaven is now only around the corner and the time almost at hand when a stop shall be put to all this earthly misery. Beneath the surface, that may be at the bottom of every hilarious birthday party, even the birthday party of the modern pagan. For modern pagans too, like the rest of men, have aspirations and yearnings for immortality. The birthday party proves this even in the midst of their denials.

At any rate most people recognize these reasons as reason enough for a little extra fun when the day comes by on which a member of the family or a dear friend made his entrance into the world. They consider that entrance to have been a good thing for the individual and a better thing for the individual's relatives and friends. Thus speaks love. Therefore its memory should be appropriately feted with laughter and song, a wee drop to drink perchance for the warming of the spirit, and a marvellous cake for all to eat.

THERE are various ways of commemorating a birth, depending on the age and the disposition of the person in whose honor the celebrating is being done, and the financial position of those in charge. If it is a child between the ages of five and ten, the matter is taken care of by good wishes and the dispensing of little gifts. These gifts generally take the form of toys, or if the family is poor, of something useful for the coming year, as a new pair of mittens, or some nice shiny roller skates, or perhaps a sled.

During the day, beginning early in the morning, a rubric is observed that is worthy of notation. Whenever an uncle or an aunt or a friend come upon the child and realize the magnitude of the day, they seize the child and give him several smart blows with the flat hand on the back or elsewhere, one for each year that has been passed since birth. We have failed to discover why this custom prevails. Perhaps it is symbolic of all the blows dealt by life herself since the moment she took charge. Perhaps it is the cave man instinct, the desire to rule. Perhaps it is just good clean fun, though painful to the recipient, and smacking of an acute barbarism. At any rate it is to be expected on one's birthday, and anyone refusing to receive the blows, or questioning their

THE LIGURIAN

prudence, or fighting back, is immediately dubbed as a pretty poor sport.

In the evening there will be a quasi party at the supper table, the principal part of which will be a large cake baked by mother and on which have been placed a number of candles equal to the number of years accomplished by the child. After the substantial things of the meal have been consumed, the potatoes and meat and celery, the ceremony of the cake begins. The child is first told to blow out the candles, but all in one fell blow. If he performs this feat, any wish he may have had in his mind at the time will be fulfilled. This is undoubtedly a relic of more ignorant ages when men believed in fairies and fairy godmothers; but it is a fact to be reckoned with. It is not related in any contemporary documents whether wishes so made ever received fulfillment as a consequence of having been expressed at that particular time and under those particular circumstances. There are no statistics on the matter.

After the candles have been extinguished and their smoke disposed of by a general waving of hands over the wicks, the child is given a large knife from the kitchen, and told that on this one occasion he must not only take the cake, but cut it. Sometimes his little hands are big enough to follow this command; other times, they are not, depending on the age of the child. A general rule might be laid down to the effect that most often he does not accomplish the task as an older cutter might who is capable of holding the knife firmly in the hand and carving out appropriate pieces with sure and steady strokes. But be that as it may, the child cuts, and the slices are large and jagged, and much debris of crumbs is left to be gathered up with forks and spoons. The proud parents watch the ceremony with interest, with laughter and perhaps a helping hand, and with good wishes all the while. When the cake is taken to the last morsel, the birthday is practically over until the following year. The only thing left is to admire the gifts for a time, and then to go to bed.

FOR older people the celebrating of a birthday follows much the same order, though the gifts, of course, are more sensible, as handkerchiefs and the like; and the party, if there be a party, is more elaborate. We have known older people submitting to the back-beating just like the child, though the number of blows never quite measured up to the number of years. If one were to congratulate a person sixty

THE LIGURIAN

years old in that naive manner, the services would last quite a time, and they would soon take on more the aspect of a third degree from the police than a simple way of having fun. At the end the person so blessed would have to be well propped up with cushions and pillows if he were to have any enjoyment at all at his party. It is not customary to punish young ladies in this way.

It is a custom to send a friend or a relative on his birthday a card on which is written some pretty verses to the effect that the sender hopes the celebrant will live to be a hundred, and that each year will be happier than the one that went before. It is not necessary either for the sender or the receiver to read these verses — in fact, it is seldom done — all that is required is that the verses deal in some way with the birthday. Some people even go to the extent of singing a song as an expression of their feelings. The ordinary version of the song is this:

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday, dear Charles, happy birthday to you.

It is a very simple melody and can be mastered even by the most unmusical after a few easy lessons given in spare moments by friends. While the notes cover an octave in range, they will not be a hazard if started at a low enough pitch. Some people cannot reach a very high note. An appropriate tenor can be added if one with talent is inclined to do so.

A BIRTHDAY does not always mean that one, particularly of the fairer sex, manifests her age. In fact there are not a few people in the world who look on birthdays as a time of great sorrow, for they give occasion to guessing games as to the true age of the celebrant. That is why such people do not like to see a birthday approach. It is a sign that their charms are waning (though true it is to say that real charms never wane) and that now, since so high an age is reached, there is nothing more to look forward to in the way of earthly rewards. In the record boxes of almost all cities can be found cases of young women who wept bitterly when they reached a certain age, for life seemed quite finished to them insofar as up to that time they had not as yet succeeded in getting married, and now they labored

THE LIGUORIAN

under the impression that it was too late. We would reassure such young women that marriage is not the only thing in life. But why cast words to the winds? Under such circumstances we hardly blame them if every congratulation received on their birthday was like a sharp knife driven into the back between the collar bones. It is only custom that makes them submit to the torture. We have always tried to be charitable at such times, and to discuss the weather, or the price of corn, or even the state of the war in China when we were suddenly cast into the presence of people like these on the feast of their birth. I think that they were secretly thankful and considered us a friend from that hour.

But a far more unfortunate case is that of the individuals who with a clear face will knock off a few years when approached on their birthday and asked their age. They have an awful dread of telling the truth in this matter, as though they would be ostracized and cast to the lions if anyone were to know really and truly how old they are. If they are forty, they will say that they are thirty; if they are thirty they will say that they are twenty. And though the questioner in ninety cases out of a hundred will know that there is something fishy about the answer, he will smile sweetly, and offer hearty congratulations on the fact that the party does not look even as old as she affirms she is. "Why, my dear! How do you do it! You don't look a year over seventeen." It proves that some corners of our social structure rest on a kind of hypocrisy. But that is beside the point. The point is that birthdays are not always the most pleasant days.

THE birthdays of Sisters in religion are the mysterious things. They come and they go and they mount up, and yet the Sisters seem to remain the same as they were on the day of their profession. We met one Sister who told us that she was professed in 1906, which meant that she must have been well over forty, closer, perhaps, to fifty. Of course we were standing on a dimly-lighted staircase where one could not see so well, but to us she appeared no more than twenty or at most twenty-two. We marveled at the generosity of time in this Sister's regard. The old man with the scythe seemed to have passed her by. To people like this birthdays are not a source of grief.

While much can be said in favor of celebrating earthly birthdays, more can be said in favor of celebrating heavenly birthdays. Catholics

THE LIGURIAN

would do better were they to confine their feasting to the day on which is commemorated their baptism; or for those who are left behind, to the day on which is commemorated the death of their loved one or friend. In baptism took place the birth that really meant happiness; and in death took place the greatest of all events — the reaching of heaven. These are things — the only things really worth celebrating.

A Soldier and a Man of Culture

In an article on the chief of staff of the French army, General Maurice Gustave Gamelin, printed in *Harpers* for December, the author asks the question: How does Gamelin differ from the average West Pointer? We might amend the question to this: How does Gamelin differ from the average American? The answer is enlightening.

"For one thing he is more traveled, he speaks several languages well, and judging by the regular army officers we were exposed to in 1917-19, he is probably better read and has a wider culture. He also lacks the hard-boiled, go-get-'em attitude prevalent among so many West Pointers who seem to believe that warmth and human understanding are signs of weakness. . . . Gamelin, small, sensitive-looking, one might take him for a musician (and in fact he is passionately fond of opera and good music) or a painter (and he was an excellent amateur in oils before staff duties curtailed his leisure). You would probably find few American generals who have the table at their bedside loaded with books on philosophy and political history.

"Even today Gamelin reads incessantly, especially history and philosophy, and demands that his staff and troop commanders read also. 'You must read and read much, always with a pen or a pencil in your hand. Not that reading is sufficient to form the mind, but it furnishes it. An officer should have the most varied kind of culture, for our functions touch all sorts of national activities.' On the other hand he insists that his officers be human. . . . Like Joffre, from whom he learned so much, Gamelin never raises his voice. 'To act is not to agitate,' he often tells his staff. He has an even temper. In fact one of his favorite remarks is, 'A man who is in anger is a man who knows himself beaten.'"

Could so much be said about the average American?

REVELATION

L. G. Miller

The two wanderers sat on the park bench and gazed moodily at the group of buildings across the way—Catholic Church, school, and rectory. For a long time they had been sitting thus, silent for the most part, each with his own thoughts and emotions.

As far as outward appearances went, they were very similar—shoes worn, clothes ragged, and that haggard look about their faces which identifies men who tramp the streets. Inwardly—who can tell what were their thoughts? Perhaps one dreamed of the happiness that might be his if only he had the money that had gone into these buildings. The other, perhaps, dreamed of a glory that was gone. . . .

As they watched, the door of the priest-house opened and a trim, clerically-clad figure came out, walked briskly down the steps, got into a large car parked in front, and drove off.

For a moment the two gazed after the car. The expression on the face of one was enigmatic; on the other—plainly envious. He of the envious expression spoke his mind, not without bitterness:

"Pretty soft!" There was a pause; then the other replied:

"Yeah, but tough in a way, too."

"What do you mean, tough?"

"Well, they have to take a lot of orders."

"That's so, I guess, but what the —"

"And they can't ever marry."

"Yeah, so they say, but from what I've heard —"

"Listen, fella, I know. Priests are as clean as they claim to be. Otherwise they're not priests."

"Sure, sure. But what's to stop them from going out and enjoyin' themselves once in a while?"

"There's nothing human to stop them, I'll admit. But take it from me—they've got the mark of God on them, and He won't stand for their fooling around. Either they live the way they should, or He lets them go, and they slide all the way to the bottom."

"Say, how do you know so much about this business? You talk as if you was on the inside."

"I knew a priest once who had it happen to him. Now he's just a bum—like you and like me."

"Well, he should have known when he had a good thing, and held on to it."

"Yes,"—softly—"I wish he had."

FINNS UP

Something of the background of the nation that has been earning the admiration of the world. Its valiant struggle for freedom should providentially bring its missionary needs to the attention of Catholics.

F. L. VICKSTROM

SINCE the Red forces of Russia in an unjust and undeclared war drove across the frontiers of Finland and began a wholesale onslaught against a smaller, weaker (?) nation, the American people have become Finn-conscious. Daily papers display pictures of tall, lean, sober-faced soldiers — the Fighting Finns! Magazines, rotogravures, yes, and the movies show us scenes of white-clad and white-hooded ski patrols, romantic studies of militant Finns sweeping in graceful curves down precipitous, snow-covered mountain sides, an almost invisible column of sharp-shooters bent on destroying a whole division of Soviet infantry. As day after day the newspapers and radio report larger and larger losses to the tremendous hosts of Russia and ever increasing and amazing victories by the small fighting forces of Finland, the American people have definitely chosen Finland as "our side."

Here is a small country, about the size of the New England states with the addition of New York, pock-marked by thousands of lakes, covered by dense forests, given over to King Winter almost nine months of the year. A country small, wild, comparatively poor in resources, has fostered a people who dare to say nay to the world-feared forces of Communist Russia. A nation of less than four million has stood up to a gigantic enemy of more than a hundred and fifty million — a modern repetition of David and Goliath.

Only a brave, sturdy, fearless race could dare to battle against such odds. But the Finns are just that. Life is hard in Finland; the climate is severe; the soil is stubborn. It has always been so. For countless generations the Finns have had to work and to work hard, to inure themselves, to deny themselves, to overcome obstacles, to persevere in a life-long struggle against elements and enemies. The Russians are not new aggressors. The Finns have fought them before. Living has been hard in Finland, but it has been life. And Finland has fathered a race of rugged, hardy, honest, hard-working people — the only people,

THE LIGURIAN

by the way, who paid their war debts to the United States of America.

NO WONDER, then, that the Finns have caught the fancy of our North America. We love to cheer for the underdog; we are hero-worshippers par excellence, and the Finns are the latest heroes. Americans love pluck and courage, fighting skill and gallantry. The Finns have all that it takes. Every man is a trained athlete. Finland is a nation of long distance runners. Paavo Nurmi, a Finn, set records that may last forever. In the Olympic Games, Finland always places high. The national pastime of both men and women is shooting and marksmanship. Every home has its rifle, and not just an ordinary gun, but as fine a piece of workmanship as money can buy. The country abounds in wild game. And it stands to reason that he who can habitually bring down a fleet-footed deer or antelope will have little difficulty finding his mark against a division of slowly advancing Russians.

The Finns live in a snow bound land, and they are wizards with skis. Take a man who can run for twenty-five miles without stopping, teach him every trick of camouflage, hunting, ski-ing, and marksmanship, make him hard as nails, tough as oak, and you have a common, ordinary, every day Finn! Band thousands of these together with military training and excellent leadership — and you may begin to see why Finnish ski patrols have surrounded and annihilated whole armies of the Soviet.

Finland always was a warrior nation, as were all the Scandinavian countries. For centuries the Finns were largely under the influence of Sweden. It was from Sweden that Christianity came in the twelfth century with St. Henry, Martyr and Patron of Finland. But if Swedish hands and minds helped to Christianize the wild tribesmen of Finland and to lead them under the loving mantle of the Catholic Church, so did they also tear down and destroy the Mother Church in Finland. By trickery and subterfuge as well as by persecution, exile, and death was Catholicism slowly smothered out of existence in Finland. The people remained good. Lutheranism was inducted slowly, insidiously. Today many Finns are as sincerely and devoutly Lutheran as Irishmen are Catholics.

ALL the Scandinavian countries were subjected to the process of Lutheranization about the same time. The whole business was

systematically carried out. The rulers coveted the lands of the monasteries, the gold, silver, and rich vestments used in the churches. The nobles to a great extent hated the prestige of bishops and clergy, envied their power and influence with the people. There were real abuses to reform, abuses like lay investiture and lay meddling in the monasteries. But the so called reformers did nothing about weeding out the undesirables. It was not the lax that they led to the stake and the gallows, no, it was the saints. It was not fervor that the "reformers" were after, but favor — favor with the rulers, the nobles, the lovers of novelty, of money and license. Where the people realized that novelties were being introduced they fought against them. There was much bitterness, bloodshed, and great dissatisfaction. Others never knew the change took place. Old forms and rituals were kept. Sincere Scandinavians believe they have the true religion to this day.

Lutheranism reached Finland through Sweden. For Finland has been closely associated with Sweden throughout her history. Sweden it was who brought the true Faith as well as the false. From her came artisans and architects, commerce, culture, western civilization. Strange to say, Sweden built up Russia too. Swedish Vikings conquered all the land around the Baltic, and Swedish long-oared ships made highways of Russian rivers all the way down to Constantinople. The conquered Slavs called the invaders Rus, whence is derived the name Russia, a province of Sweden. Northern arts and artisans, northern scholars and smiths, northern men and money helped form the Russia that is hammering against the northern barriers of Finland today. Perhaps in Sweden may lie the solution to the struggle between the modern descendants of her two former provinces.

Finland at this time is making a definite appeal to the help and good will of the United States. To those that think in terms of liberty and true peace, the picture in Finland is something quite other than white-clad riflemen on skis excelling in christianias and telemarks and ability to trap unwary Russians. Liberty loving Americans have taken to the doughty Finns and they are expressing their sympathies in generous material ways.

TO CATHOLICS the situation has another aspect. Finland, like the other Scandinavian countries, is a Foreign Mission Field. One bishop and a handful of priests minister to a Catholic population

THE LIGUORIAN

of 3,000 scattered Germans, Poles, Swedes and Finns. There are as yet but few Catholics in all of Scandinavia, about 35,000 in a population of 16,000,000. Most of the priests are foreign born. Some of the Sisters that are teaching in Finnish and Swedish to bi-lingual children are from St. Louis in our own United States. Since the war these Sisters have been evacuated to Sweden.

But although they escaped the Russian bombings, they have not been free from the pinch of poverty. Mission Fields rarely support themselves. St. Ansgar's League (69 W. 3rd St., Bayonne, N. J.), pleads for Catholics in our country to help their Scandinavian brothers, especially now that war has robbed them of all means of support. Finland deserves and needs American help. America is helping. No less do the Catholics of Finland and Scandinavia need our material and spiritual assistance. If we want to have the Communists of Russia put down, let us do our bit to keep the Finns up!

Lesson in Libel

The world's sympathy goes out to Russia these days. After all, it has a population of only 180 million from which to draw an army; while the entire population of Finland could be conveniently put into Russia's three largest cities. Russian journalists are rightfully indignant. We quote some of their castigations of Finland (the printable ones): "Abominable provocation, crazy expansionism, foul provocation attacks, immeasurable insolence, maniacal persistence, malicious libel, saber-rattling, imperialist ambition to extend Finland to the Urals." The government of Finland is composed of "hangmen and exploiters, chauvinists, beasts of prey, clowns, crowing roosters, buffoons, squirming grass-snakes, sharks, mad dogs, dirty dogs, hired bandits, imperialist beasts, political manure." Meanwhile we read of another Russian division being surrounded and put out of action. Ho hum!

Lesson in Patience

"I never complained of the vicissitudes of fortune nor murmured at the ordinances of heaven excepting once," says the Persian poet, Sadi; "it was when my feet were bare and I had not the means of procuring shoes.

"In this condition I entered the great mosque at Cufah with a heavy heart, and there I beheld a man whose feet had been cut off. I therefore offered up my praise and thanksgiving to Heaven for its bounty, and bore with patience the want of shoes."

THEOPHOBIA

Don't be alarmed at the unusual word titled here. It is a Greek coinage meaning "fear of God"—in this instance "fear that someone might think that there is a God." It is amazing how many otherwise sane men suffer from this abnormality.

C. DUHART

A MAN stood on the steps of the Capitol in Washington. Around him, pushing and heaving up to the very spot where he stood, surged a great sea of humanity. He was the center of attraction. These people had come from all points of the country to see the great man. His name was cheered and the sound echoed back from the historic building behind him.

It was not such a reception as is given to a popular president or a visiting monarch. There was something wild and untamed about this show of acclamation. Men shouted until the veins in their throats showed purple. Women shrieked their applause.

I was a stranger on the outer fringe of the crowd. The whole scene mystified me. Plucking the sleeve of a man standing nearby, I asked the cause of the exhibition, and the right of this hero to such acclaim. His answer was enthusiastic, "This man," he said, "has done our nation the greatest possible service. There is not a person in this crowd whose pockets he has not rifled, not an individual from whose life he has not stolen something, not a man nor a woman whose home he hasn't broken, not a living soul whose dreams he hasn't shattered."

A silly fable, you say, and a pointless one. Silly perhaps in the sense of fantastic, but not pointless. And it is pointed, not in its reference to the mentally deficient or the ignorant, but to those who would be called the "intelligentsia" of human society.

IN THE year 1859, a book called "The Origin of Species" was published by a man relatively unknown. His name was Charles Darwin. The work was poorly written considered stylistically, and shot through with false hypotheses from a scientific standpoint. Its exposition was at times muddled, its reasoning led through strange, dark caverns laden with heavy mists.

THE LIGURIAN

And yet within a few years, the name "Charles Darwin" was a household word. Men who were acknowledged authorities ranked him with the Newtons of science. Some placed him on a pinnacle where he reigned alone. Others passed out of the field of science, and placed him in some strange medley of names, composed of Confucius, Christ, Luther. Men spoke of him as one of the greatest beneficiaries of the human race in the history of the world. The hangers-on of the great stumbled over themselves to do him homage. And perhaps no one was so surprised by it all as Mr. Charles Darwin himself.

Where lay his greatness? His book "Origin of Species" was a dictionary of animal life observations. It spoke of the transformation of one species into another. It based its whole argument on what Darwin called "Natural Selection," which in brief meant this: Individual members of a species vary. Some were better fitted to survive the hard struggle for existence. Surviving, they begot progeny, which inherited the qualities which enabled their parents to compete with success in the struggle for existence. In the next generation, the same process was renewed, and through thousands and millions of years by gradual accumulation of small variations distinct varieties were produced, then distinct species. And surprising to relate, all this had taken place by chance.

It is not our concern here to point out the weaknesses of the theory except to remark that the hypothesis suffered not from one Missing Link, but from many. Blatantly and breezily mankind was told to be patient and it would be presented with the proof of the Missing Link. But mankind has strained its eyes for decades awaiting the arrival of the Missing Link, as if it were a monarch on display, and has begun to wonder whether perhaps there is to be no discovery of the strange creature.

It was not many years before those who spoke in the name of science turned upon the darling child of Victorian materialism to brand it with the discrediting iron of being unscientific. Said Professor Bateson in 1914: "To us Darwin no more speaks with philosophic authority," and Driesch: "For men of clear intellect Darwinism has long been dead," and Dwight, Professor at Harvard: "We have now the remarkable spectacle that just when many scientific men are all agreed that there is no part of the Darwinian system that is of any great influence, and that, as a whole, the theory is not only unproved, but

impossible, the ignorant, half-educated masses have acquired the idea that it is to be accepted as a fundamental fact."

HERE we have an amazing fact of history. A man writes a book, which his best friends admitted sinned against the canons of artistic composition, which is so involved that its meaning can only be ferreted out as miners glean gold from great nuggets of ore — he develops a theory, a scientific theory which sieve-like is shot through with exaggerated deductions and punctured with its manifold missing links — a theory which within half a century is discarded by men who speak in the name of science. And yet this man is hailed as a great hero, a savior of civilization, the Moses who had led mankind out of the desert of theological darkness, the angel who had loosed the chains of religion.

Where is the answer to this riddle? Why should the scientific world, which shouted loudly against the dogma of theologians, propound an all-embracing scientific dogma of faith when facts only justified their offering, very timidly, a possible hypothesis? Why did Victorian materialism, forever complaining about the blind faith of those who accepted religion, press to its heart with hardly a cursory examination, an hypothesis which stigmatized it as a believer, the blindest of the blind?

To understand these strange happenings, one must realize what was the condition of Victorian materialism in England and the corresponding movements in other countries. The argument for the existence of God from the wonderful design and order in nature was the "black beast" of that materialism. It disturbed the waking hours and made nightmares of the dreams of the extreme materialists who would have nothing to do with God or with any substance which men called spiritual. Paley had argued strongly that it would be more reasonable to suppose that the complicated, orderly parts of a watch had fallen together by chance than that the human eye so delicately and exquisitely adapted to its purpose had not been the work of an intelligent creator. This was not the only nor the most fundamental argument for the existence of God, but it did appeal very strongly to the popular mind.

Darwin claimed that his Natural Selection working entirely by chance and effecting great changes by slow and minute variations destroyed the force of Paley's argument. The materialists of the Vic-

torian era welcomed the release which they had been earnestly seeking. Driven on by a "theophobia" which might be loosely translated as a desire to drive God out of the universe entirely, they closed their eyes, jumped into the stream of blind faith in a blind order of things, accepted wholeheartedly a theory which leaked with inconsistencies, and committed the unpardonable scientific sin of accepting on faith what it was the duty of scientists to prove.

How anxiously these intellectuals sought and seized the release from the trammels of a God-created universe is clear from their own statements.

IN 1857, Huxley, we are told, "was feeling that some working hypothesis must be found respecting the origin of known organic forms to replace the untenable separate creation theory." One might well ask, "why untenable?" — and he might have asked Mr. Huxley till doom's day, for Mr. Huxley never proved untenability.

Professor Delage in reluctantly rejecting Darwin's theory of Natural Selection as the explanation of evolution, adds: "Whatever may befall this theory in the future, whether it be superseded by some other theory or not, Darwin's everlasting title to glory will be that he explained the seemingly marvelous adaptation of living things by the mere action of natural factors without looking to a divine intervention." Upon which classic statement, Arnold Lunn remarked: "What does this mean? 'Darwin's everlasting title to glory' is the fact that he was wrong? There is nothing particularly glorious in having provided the fool who says in his heart 'There is no God' with a plausible excuse for his folly."

These are only a sampling selection showing the eagerness with which that so-called scientific age of the later 19th century fled in refuge to any theory which might rescue it from the dread prospect of having to acknowledge the existence of a God and an intelligent creator of the universe. Even had Natural Selection been capable of proof it would not have meant the absence of an intelligent creator. Where for instance did the first elements of matter come from? It may even be doubted whether Darwin believed or wished to believe that his hypothesis if proved would do away with belief in the existence of God. But those leaders of scientific thought were like children blindly running in any direction to escape the fearful spectre of a "boogey" man.

THE LIGUORIAN

But why this fanatic zeal to have done with God and all His works? To take God from the world, is to leave the universe and the creatures who inhabit it without a purpose, without any prospects for the future. It is to shatter within men their dearest ideals. It is to make of their life a short, almost infinitesimal span between two darknesses of impenetrable gloom. It is to leave mankind without hope, without ideals, without morals, without virtue. It is to wipe out all distinction between virtue and vice. It is to pull from beneath the fabric of human society and human laws the one single prop which gives them meaning and stability. It is to make of sorrow, of poverty, of grief, and of want, evils for which there is no explanation and no redemption. It is to destroy all the traditions upon which the human race has rested and depended. It is to make even the common-places of human conversation baseless and unwarranted. It is to overturn all civilization.

And yet the reputed leaders of thought would prefer to leave the world and life and everything rather than accept belief in God. To them, it seemed preferable to be descended entirely from the animals of the field than to be made to the image and the likeness of God. To them, it seemed a disgrace to mankind that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, should be its Savior, that God should have become man and died upon a cross to save men from the penalty of the sin they had committed against Him. To them, it seemed a hateful prospect to be destined to be happy for all eternity with God in heaven. To them, it seemed a marvelous thing that science had enabled man to extend the span of his years of life, but a dismal belief and one to be discarded entirely that man should be immortal. In other words, it was a splendid achievement that man should live sixty years, but a terrible thought that he might live sixty-one years or sixty-one hundred years.

WHY this "theophobia"? We believe we can say that the "intelligentsia" would be less dissatisfied with God and religion if God and religion were not closely bound up with standards of morality. But men like Darwin and Huxley and others, according to common belief, were men whose private lives were exemplary.

There is such a thing as intellectual pride, a pride which balks at anything like control, even if that control be exercised by the Lord and Master of creation. There is also such a thing as men becoming so absorbed in their own notions, their own theories, that nothing else

THE LIGUORIAN

seems to hold any interest for them, nothing seems to stand any chance of being true which conflicts in the least with their pet theories. But the least we should demand of them is that they cease to accuse others of being blind adherents of faith and dogma, when everyone knows that no faith is so blind, no dogma is so blatant as that of the intellectual who speaks dogmatically where he only thinks hypothetically.

Whence then is this "theophobia"? It seems to arise from a combination of these causes, perhaps one or the other not appearing at all in the case of certain individuals. And we still believe with the Holy Ghost, that "Only the fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'"

These Victorian materialists, and there exist many such today, admired for their supposed intellectual acuity, and killing the hearts and souls of those young men and women who fall into their clutches in college or university, these Victorian materialists are the cheering, surging mob spoken of in the beginning of this article, wildly acclaiming the man who they thought has robbed them of God, of religion, of their soul, of immortality, of everything which the tradition of the human race had prized.

The sciences seem to run in cycles as to popularity. Some years ago, psychology was all the rage. Psychology should have some relation to the soul, for the first syllable of "psychology" is the Greek word for soul. But some psychologists did away with the soul — they made men only composites of stimulations and mechanical responses. They made psychology synonymous with physiology. They introduced a new vocabulary into their discussions, which befuddled and beat their listeners into submission when their reasoning and arguments had no effect. They tried to reason the world into accepting their theories when according to those theories there was no such thing as reasoning, and no mind which could reason. They used words which had no meaning in their new psychology. Their "Behaviorism" was all the rage, until the prop was withdrawn upon which they relied for their support, when physiology itself proved how inane were the suppositions of the behaviorists.

These materialists and behaviorists and the rest who will have nothing to do with God or the soul or religion or responsibility or morality present to us a very humorous spectacle if we will only sit back to watch their antics. They are like a man walking a thin rope in mid-air with a basket of eggs in either hand as they twist and squirm

THE LIGUORIAN

and writhe in their writings and lectures, trying to avoid the words, "God," and "soul" and "mind" and "will" and "morality" and all the rest.

IT IS like coming out of a dark, winding, aimless subterranean cavern to leave these "theophobists" and listen to men who could appreciate what God means to the world. Coventry Patmore, a distinguished writer and later on a convert to the Catholic Church, before he was converted records that it struck him "what an exceedingly fine thing it would be if there really was a God." He came to taste what a wonderful and sublime happiness it was to know that there is a God, a God Who is close to men, their Creator and their final end. But even before his conversion, he was clear-sighted and honest enough to see that without God, life has no meaning, but with God, it has its clearly marked beginning, its definite purpose, and its consummation in eternity.

The Original Cooperative

Before the days of oil in western Texas, a man stopped one night at a dry-land ranch near a small town. As he sized up the place, he became more and more puzzled as to how the little ranch paid its way. At last he ventured to ask his host:

"How in the world do you make a go of things here?"

Ponting a finger at a man sitting on the doorstep, the host replied:

"You see that feller there? He's the hired man. He works for me, and I cain't pay 'im. In two years he gits the ranch. Then I work for 'im till I git it back."

A Living Wage

How would this be for a method of paying American labor?

Once every year, according to the *Bengalese*, a delegation of holy men of the Mahammedan faith visit the palace of their religious ruler, the Aga Khan. It is their duty on this occasion to weigh the body of their leader and pay him, as his annual salary, his weight in gold. Scales and several bags of gold are carried into the mansion and an impressive ceremony is made of the weighing and counting of the gold equivalent, pound for pound, to the comfortable poundage of 220—the weight of the present prophet's representative.

If salaries were paid like that over here, the consumption of fat-producing foodstuffs would no doubt rise so sharply as to bring back prosperity in a short time.



THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. Hyland

Being a shut-in during Lent has many spiritual compensations. The worldly-minded might not call them such, but to anyone who can look at things in a Christian way there will come a sense of appropriateness in the fact that suffering and pain should coincide with this period.

Lent is designed to bring us close to the sufferings of the Saviour; indeed it is aimed at inspiring us to participate in those sufferings because we are the ones who deserved them and whose place was taken by Christ. For the general run of Christians, participation in the sufferings of Christ is not made very harrowing. A pang of hunger now and then, the renunciation of one or two kinds of food (with hundreds of others left to select from), an extra hour or two of prayer and devotions each week—that is about all it amounts to. It is hardly worthy to be called by the noble name of sharing the cross except that Christ has willed to accept it as such.

For that reason there is a little favoritism shown those who are given something more like a real share. If it is salutary and necessary for all to suffer a little during Lent, it is more salutary and more blessed for some to suffer much during that time. Those selected for this are not of the common and ordinary rank. Of them the reproachful words cannot be used: "Because of your weakness, the way has been made easy." They are the strong, the valiant, the beloved, asked to fill up the emptiness left by the weakness of others with sacrifices truly comparable with those of Christ.

St. John utters the words that consecrate suffering to the cause for which Christ died. "In this we have known the charity of God because He hath laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for our brethren." He makes it universal—this need of laying down our lives for our brethren, yet few there are whom God permits or asks to help His Son save the world by suffering alone. Those few—the shut-ins of hospitals and sanitoriums and private homes—bear in their wounds and in their pains the sinners of the world. Bear them bravely, ye chosen ones, bear them safely and securely; bear them out of their sins—bear them to God!

G. K. CHESTERTON

The first of a series of articles on the greatest writer of modern times — G. K. C. — poet, journalist, philosopher, novelist, but above all, Catholic.

A. T. ZELLER

SOME years ago I attended a lecture at the Wisconsin State University. The lecturer was none other than "G.K.C." It was characteristic of him that, in such a place, he should have taken for his title "The Ignorance of the Educated." In his own inimitable way he showed how little men really know, despite their boast of knowledge, about things that affect life most deeply, — how little they know of matter, who claim to be materialists; how little they know of evolution who make evolution their dogma; how little they know of society who claim to be socialists or communists.

The lecture sparkled with what have been called "paradoxes" — but which to Chesterton were just plain realities with all the contrasts of real life in them. Behind me sat two university co-eds and one of them exclaimed, loud enough to be heard: "How supercilious!" It was evident, however, that all the arrogance was on their part. Chesterton spoke with all the plainness of a man who tries to tell things as they are. No doubt it must have been a shock to these newly-weds to "science so-called" to discover their tin-god's clay feet.

Anyway, that was Chesterton in real life. He still lives in his books. As I read, I can still see him — a great, big hulk of a man — with a head that must have taken your notice at once, — eyes that pierced yet sparkled with laughter, — a voice that was rather small for so big a man, but was clear and steady as the convictions he uttered.

It would be a difficult thing to write a life of Chesterton. He himself cared little for dates; they meant nothing to him; ideas alone counted. And so, when he wrote his autobiography, he took note only of the development of his ideas.

Even were we to confine ourselves to giving an account of his conversion, we would face like difficulties. He felt this himself and in his book "The Catholic Church and Conversion" (not one of his best, probably because written to meet a definite demand), he says:

THE LIGURIAN

"If a convert is to write of his conversion, he must try to retrace his steps out of the shrine into that ultimate wilderness where he once really believed that this eternal youth (Catholicism, namely), was only the 'Old Religion.' It is a thing exceedingly difficult to do and not often done well, and I for one have little hope of doing it even tolerably well. The difficulty was expressed to me by another convert who said: 'I cannot explain why I am a Catholic: because now that I am a Catholic, I cannot imagine myself as anything else.'"

And still, Chesterton so long played a leading role on the stage of Catholic life, and so long influenced those outside and inside the fold, that it is a matter of legitimate wonderment to us, — how did he become a Catholic and such a Catholic, when, say, George Bernard Shaw (with all his Catholic surnames) did not.

We shall try. But before we do it, we shall try to form some idea of his personality in a larger way, — try to find the characteristic traits that all his work reveals.

THOUGH physically so unlike, our own Joyce Kilmer and G. K. Chesterton had much in common, — sound common sense, joyous optimism, a keen vision of the deeper realities of human life given by the light of Faith, and the free spirit of children of God which their Faith gave them.

Of Kilmer it has been said: "He was a free spirit, liberal, modern, unconfined; yet we see him the defender of orthodoxy, reverencing the old-fashioned, married and the father of four children. A writer of the first rank, he scorned with humorous contempt the ultramodern and the affectatious literateurs. As he once wrote, he was 'bored by feminism, futurism and free love.' His love for his wife, Aline, a poet in her own right, was simply beautiful: it is a refreshing experience to read Kilmer's letters to her.

His gayety was one of his characteristics. It may be seen in the fact that his home was a home for friends and children, and, as Holliday tells us in his Memoir of Kilmer: "Guests were obliged at times to exercise much agility in clambering about toys with which the stairs were laden." One of Kilmer's favorite verses was:

"From quiet home and first beginning
Out of the undiscovered ends,

THE LIGUORIAN

There's nothing worth the wear of winning
Save laughter and the love of friends."

But his laughter was akin to that of the angels and his friends ranged from earth to heaven and there is a manly yet tender intimacy with our Lord and His Blessed Mother that makes us feel that the poet and mystic were closely allied in him.

As for his Faith, Holliday, who edited his collected works, says: "And once a Catholic, there was never any possibility of mistaking Kilmer's point of view; in all matters of religion, art, economics and politics, as well as in matters of faith and morals, his point of view was obviously and unhesitatingly Catholic. . . . A very positive figure, he labored tirelessly, alternating from one field to another, for the Catholic Church."

Now just put these qualities in the big, burly frame of Chesterton, and we have an idea of the man. There was more body to Chesterton, — in more ways than one; his life was longer, — in fact, to look only at the long line of splendid books he left us, one would think he must have lived a century. But the qualities I noted in Kilmer, are the very ones that strike me in Chesterton.

Paul Claudel, himself a recognized literary figure of our day and one time French Ambassador to the United States, wrote on the occasion of a celebration in honor of Chesterton:

"I am delighted to bring my salutations to the great poet and great Christian, G. K. Chesterton, during his tour in the United States. His books, for the past twenty years, have never failed to bring me joy and refreshment; and this feeling of regard is so tender and unusual that approbation is linked with admiration.

"During the past century, Catholicism almost everywhere has had to sustain an attitude of defense; it preferred to take shelter in the past and in forms of refuge, or as one might say, in chapels severely cloistered and ornamented with rigid finery. Chesterton thoroughly understands that, in our religion, Mystery is wed with Evidence, and our eternal responses with the most pressing and present exigencies. He is the man that threw the doors wide open; and upon a world pallid and sick, he sent floods of poetry, of joyousness, of noble sympathies, of radiant and throbbing humor, — all drawn from unfailing sources of orthodoxy. His onward march is the verification of that divine saying: 'the truth shall make you free.'

THE LIGUORIAN

"If I were to state his essential quality, I would say that it is a sort of triumphant common sense, — that *gaudium de veritate* (joy in truth) of which philosophers speak; a joyous acclaim of the splendor and powers of the soul, those faculties that were overburdened and numbed by a century of false science, of pedantic pessimism. . ."

That, it seems to me, puts it in one phrase: a joyous common sense radiated by clear Faith.

LAS VERGNAS, in his study of Chesterton, considers that medievalism is one of his traits, because he so vigorously and wholeheartedly rejects most of the ideas that nowadays are called "modern"; and because his "imaginative affections" as well as his intelligence were completely satisfied with the fundamental things for which the Middle Ages stood, — such as, the family, the place of woman in the home and in the world, its social and economic arrangements. But it appears to me more exact to say that his spirit struck deeper roots, and if he appears a medievalist, it was only because these things went to the very roots of humanity and hence resolve themselves into common sense.

Another note which Las Vergnas singles out as distinctive of Chesterton is his perpetual youth. He calls him the "man who forgot about growing up" and speaks of him as "Chesterton, still a child."

One does indeed get such an idea from his readiness to see the funny side of things and the richness of his imagination, and from his quality of finding even the most commonplace actions full of adventure — as well as from his readiness to laugh. But all this, it seems to me, could more truly be laid on the one hand to his common sense, and on the other to the Faith which he absorbed to such an extent that it became second nature to him.

Father Martindale, S.J., recalls very sympathetically Chesterton's simplicity. He says, explaining how he came to know him so well: "This was because despite his shyness, or I should say his modesty, he let you know him and set up no barriers. This modesty was again seen in his dealings with young men. It never occurred to him that they could have nothing interesting or useful to say, or that he was called upon to act the oracle."

"And this simplicity," he continues, "could again, I think, be seen in what people called his paradoxes. He always insisted that that was not what they were, but sheer statements of the obvious. To him, it

was life as ordinarily lived that seemed 'paradoxical': it was amazing to him that men could think the things they did, especially as doing so issued into so uncomfortable as well as, too often, so wicked a life."

BUT cannot this be reduced to his common sense shot through, as it was, with the white light of his faith?

For instance, in "Orthodoxy" Chesterton writes: "If I have had a bias, it was always a bias in favor of democracy . . . I have always been more inclined to believe the ruck of hardworking people than to believe that special and troublesome literary class to which I belong. I prefer even the fancies and prejudices of the people who see life from the inside to the clearest demonstrations of the people who see life from the outside."

Or take this smiling diatribe against modern scientific jargon: "Most of the machinery of modern language is labor-saving machinery; and it saves mental labor very much more than it ought. Scientific phrases are used like scientific wheels and piston-rods to make swifter and smoother yet the path of the comfortable. Long words go rattling by us like long railway trains. We know that they are carrying thousands who are too tired or too indolent to think for themselves. It is a good exercise to try for once in a way to express any opinion one holds in words of one syllable. If you say: "The social utility of the indeterminate sentence is recognized by all criminologists as part of our sociological evolution towards a more humane and scientific view of punishment," — you can go on talking like that for an hour with hardly a movement of the gray matter inside your skull. But if you begin, 'I wish Jones to go to jail and Brown to say when Jones shall come out,' — you will discover, with a thrill of horror, that you are obliged to think."

Now this is just evidence of Chesterton's sanity, his common sense that sees through things, sees them as they are and shrinks from all fog.

Or take this statement of what he calls one of the fundamental principles of democracy:

"The things common to all men are more important than the things peculiar to any men. Ordinary things are more valuable than extraordinary. Man is more awful than men; something more strange. The sense of the miracle of humanity itself should be always more vivid to us

THE LIGURIAN

than any marvels of power, intellect, art, or civilization. The mere man on two legs, as such, should be felt as something more heartbreaking than any music and more startling than any caricature. Death is more tragic even than death by starvation. Having a nose is more comic than having a Norman nose."

IT WAS because Chesterton could always see these fundamental things and ideas, that he was so sane. It was because of this, that all the erudition which he commands, which in the range of his writings almost astounds us, — he was never befogged. Everything he knew or saw or that happened fell into its proper place and perspective. Not like the narrow scientific specialist, who piles up disjointed facts and cannot see the whole into which they fit.

It was the balance of these three qualities we noted in Chesterton that made him stand out among contemporary writers and contemporary men. I heartily agree with Las Vergnas when he says:

"Singularity is of the very essence of this author, though it never failed to astonish those even who knew him most intimately. A staggering originality, an unprecedented richness of literary discoveries — these are some of the features of his personality which, without any doubt, deserve examination."

(To be continued)

Old Age

Stephen Leacock, writer and humorist, gives this classic description of old age in the *N. Y. Times*, which is dimmed only by the fact that it carries no suggestion of the glorious reward after labor that can make old age seem like a preface to great things:

* "Old age is the 'Front Line' of life, moving into No Man's Land. No Man's Land is covered with mist. Beyond it is Eternity. As we have moved forward, the tumult that now lies behind us has died down. The sounds grow less and less. It is almost silence. There is an increasing feeling of isolation, of being alone. We seem so far apart. Here and there one falls, silently, and lies a little bundle on the ground that the rolling mist is burying. Can we not keep nearer? It's hard to see one another. Can you hear me? Call to me. I am alone. This must be near the end." *

AMERICAN LABOR

THE RICH MAN'S ARGUMENT

L. M. MERRILL

ONE cannot go about making contacts with members of the various economic strata of society without sooner or later hearing what may be called "the rich man's argument" for the maintenance of the economic system that made him wealthy. It is an argument that cannot be brushed aside lightly as unworthy of consideration because it does contain a certain amount of logic, but especially because it is so wrapped up with the experiences of those who present it that an adequate answer must transform attitudes that a whole life time has developed.

The argument is this: "I began, like a million other men, at the bottom of the economic ladder. I had to worry and labor and sacrifice to advance myself. I got to the top, or to where I am, by industry and sacrifice, and therefore I have a right, as anyone else would have the right, to what my energies have brought me."

There is, we say, a certain degree of logic in the position, and anyone with a measure of human understanding should be able to see how strongly that logic would appeal to the man who has actually worked for his riches. The logic of the position is this: if you grant that all men start off on an equal footing in the economic order, if industry and sacrifice alone are the factors in an individual's advancement, if the degree of advancement above one's fellows is proportionate to the differences in their application to industry and their willingness for sacrifice, then the conclusion is incontestable: the man who gets rich and powerful by working for his wealth and power has a right to everything he has gained.

There are three "ifs" in the argumentation — each one of which will bear close scrutiny. That there are men who accept the conclusion without scrutinizing the "ifs" is the reason why there are serious-minded rugged individualists in the country, and why the wealthy class so often and so zealously demands that the old social order be maintained.

THE LIGURIAN

THE first condition for the validity of the conclusion is that all men start off on an equal footing in the economic order. This would mean that every man is equipped by nature and circumstances with the qualities necessary for becoming successful and rich if he applies himself to the task. The proposition, however, is patently false. An elementary study of various individuals will reveal that they are not equally endowed to be successful in business, and an even more elementary observation of various periods, localities, environments and social conditions will reveal that, all success stories to the contrary notwithstanding, opportunity for economic success does not knock at every man's door.

The truth is, not that every man has at the outset of his life an equal opportunity for becoming wealthy, but that every man has an equal right to all that is necessary for a decent human livelihood. Genius and opportunity do not give and cannot take away that right. While it is true that special genius and favorable opportunity will always help some men to step out beyond their fellows, these things do not create a right to step out so far beyond their fellows that the latter lose their right to a decent livelihood. The great fallacy of the argument that all men start out with equal opportunity for getting ahead is the assumption that no man will have to suffer the lack of a decent livelihood except through his own fault. While there is enough potential wealth in the country to provide every laborer with a decent livelihood and men of special genius and great industry with more than a decent livelihood, there is not enough for the latter to take all that their genius makes possible and to have enough left over for living wages. The first scanning of the incomes of the wealthy, side by side with the average salaries of the working classes and the numbers of the unemployed, will make this clear.

THE second "if" supposes that industry and sacrifice are the only factors in the economic advancement of an individual. The whole history of the industrial era denies this supposition, which is essentially the same as the previous one. It is true that a man who has worked hard is inclined to overlook the elements of chance and fortune and favorable opportunity and good guessing that entered into his rise; but he has no leg to stand on when, overlooking them, he says he became wealthy by industry and sacrifice alone. A close study of the progress

THE LIGURIAN

of any rich man will reveal that favorable opportunities presented themselves to him; or he had an unusual knack for making the most of trends of his time which did not require of him greater industry than others exercised; or he did some good guessing or took chances that turned out profitably. (We are talking only about conscientious rich men; hence we do not mention the double dealing that has made some men rich.)

The argument is made stronger by the fact that there have been many men with as great genius as the richest men of today and with as indefatigable a zeal for success, who have not risen to the heights at all. They guessed wrong at a crucial moment, or opportunities did not open in their field, or a new invention destroyed the value of something that they had spent their lives in perfecting, or some catastrophe descended upon them,—and as a result their genius and industry brought them no reward comparable with that received by others.

Therefore it is simply not true for a wealthy man to say: "Anyone could have done what I did — worked hard, saved, scraped, invested, and then saved some more." Too many have tried the formula, with as much native genius and persevering zeal as the greatest of them all, and failed simply by reason of some fortuitous event or chance closing of opportunity.

THE third "if" is the most important of all and the one that fails most seriously. It enunciates the condition that the rich man's rise to great wealth has been proportionate to the difference between his industry and zeal and that of his fellow men. In other words, it assumes that if today one man has a million dollars to his name and another man has one dollar, the former has exercised a million times more industry than the latter as the two struggled their way through life. In such simple terms the thing is obviously absurd.

No one who thinks logically doubts that genius and industry and sacrifice should receive a reward proportionate to their degree. But at the same time no one who admits the fundamental rights of all human beings can maintain that those rewards should be at the expense of a decent livelihood for those who labor without special genius for advancement. If two men are working together and one turns out to be capable of producing ten times as much as the other, he may not in justice make his salary ten times that of his fellow-worker until the latter is at least receiving an adequate living wage. The economic system

THE LIGUORIAN

that has been in force up to now has seldom recognized this principle; it has been strong for rewarding genius without a thought as to whether others were being treated as men should be treated or not.

We are aware that many rich men cannot see the system that has made them wealthy apart from the opulent manner in which it has treated them. If they could detach themselves for a few moments of pondering from the effect of their having unconsciously and perhaps conscientiously received huge rewards from their own labors and investments and look at the other side of the picture, they would be bound to come to the conclusion that there was something wrong in it all. In their own field of activity there were probably men working full time for less than \$1,000 a year. In their own community there were men without any work, who had to be relieved by public funds and who, by the corroding effect of unemployment, were gradually unfitted to take up the labors of a normal man. It does not satisfy justice to say that there were many who made a living; many besides themselves who got rich — the fact is that so long as the industrial system tolerated underpaid workers and unemployed masses, and at the same time made others fabulously wealthy — there was something radically wrong.

THEREFORE we maintain that men are deceiving themselves who say that they became wealthy by sheer industry — that anyone else could have done the same. We maintain that men are crassly illogical who say that the amount of industry and sacrifice they applied in becoming wealthy warranted a return to them far beyond their needs, while equally talented or less talented, or equally industrious or less industrious men, were not receiving enough for a decent living. The system that made this possible, that made it seem natural and right to those who profited from it, had something wrong with it, and still has something wrong with it today.

The result should be a willingness to see that system changed. Not mere negative carping at the unjust methods that are advanced to change it; not mere bitterness over the fact that dishonest men are seeking to advance themselves by capitalizing on tendencies to reform; but honest, straightforward, intelligent, positive efforts to make the change throughout the economic world, should be the contribution of the rich men of today. That, in short, was the appeal of Pope Pius XI in the great Encyclical which is rightly called "On the Reconstruction of the Social Order."

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

Why are Catholics compelled to go to their parish priest to be married?

For Catholics marriage is a Sacrament permanently affecting the lives of those who enter it. Once married, they remain married until the death of one or the other. Just as no Catholic can validly enter a second marriage while a previous spouse is still alive, so likewise no priest can officiate at a marriage until he is morally certain that it is a valid marriage.

To facilitate the fulfillment of the priest's obligation to make sure that a couple is free to marry, the Church has made the law that those intending to marry must go to the pastor of the girl, or if that be impossible, to the pastor of the boy, for the reception of the Sacrament. It stands to reason that the pastor is in a far better position to know or to ascertain their condition than any other priest. Moreover a permanent record of the marriage has to be made and kept, and the logical place for that is in the official record books of the parish to which the bride and groom have belonged. If any priest were allowed to officiate at any wedding and to record it in any place he chose, it would be an impossible task to prevent invalid marriages and to trace records of marriages years later if need arose. That is why the pastor is given the right to assist at the marriages of his people, and why another priest can do so only when he has been authorized by the pastor. If authorized thus, another priest must still send a record of the marriage to the pastor to be entered into the parish books.

The tangle of difficulties that could arise if this law were not enforced might be endlessly elaborated. Sufficient has been said to show its reasonableness and necessity, and to prevent people from making the heedless remark: "Why can't we go to any priest we like to be married?"

MOTHER MARY ODILIA

No question is more frequently asked than this: How do Sisters accomplish the great things they do? Here is a typical example of accomplishment, showing that the only answer is in sacrifice and sanctity.

W. T. CULLEN

THERE came to this land in the days of Bismarck small scatterings of pious souls seeking shelter in the new world, forlorn seedlings tossed by ill winds, settling into free soil to take root and flourish and give forth fruit a hundredfold.

In these was faith and hope and the love of God and neighbor, and today after threescore years and ten we look upon their work and wonder, for a thousand undertakings since their time, doubly secure in wealth and power, have gone to the ground, perished, and the work of these still stands, a witness under God to the courage and constancy of these holy founders, these steadfast, tireless laborers in the vineyard of the Master.

Of this generation was Mother Mary Odilia, foundress and first superior of the Sisters of Saint Mary, born in that stronghold of German Catholicity, Bavaria, at Regen near the Boehmerwald, the feast of Saint Catherine of Siena, 1823, for which reason named Catherine, daughter of the village pension keeper, Herr Berger. There was also a twin sister who years after died in India, a nun of the Dames Anglaises, the two of them in earlier days pupils of the Ursulines of Lower Bavaria.

When the girls were fourteen the father died, and the mother with the care of the hotel must needs have Catherine at hand, later, after a few years bidding the daughter think earnestly of marriage though the thoughts of Catherine were turning elsewhere. But things came about leaving Catherine free to choose her way of life, and she entered the Franciscans of the Holy Family at Pirmasenz, taking the vows as Sister Mary Odilia in October of 1862.

In her first years as a religious she was sent to France seeking alms for her work, at one time meeting the archbishop of Paris, Msgr. Darboy, who for long had wished in that city a home for German working girls, urging the Sisters of the Holy Family to open there a house.

THE LIGUORIAN

Sister Odilia as spokesman carried this matter to her superiors in Bavaria, and in the fall of 1866 she with four others went to join a group of women gathered in Paris by Father Victor Braun. On October 17th, 1866 they drew up rules for a new order with Mother Odilia as superior, the Sisters Servants of the Divine Heart (Sacre Coeur) of Jesus.

THE Holy Family nuns, it may be said, had been in such straits in Germany that it seemed the convent at Pirmasenz must be closed and the Sisters sent away, wherefore Mother Odilia and the others had gone to France not to open a new house of that order but under other headship to found a wholly new Sisterhood. And here they did well with newcomers each year and a widening field of labor, Mother Odilia going out as before to ask alms for the needy while the people of Paris, seeing the willing work of the nuns, helped readily.

But after four years came trouble and, in its wake, farewell to France, and days of doubt in Germany, followed by new resolve and new beginnings and the founding work of Mother Odilia in America.

For there was a war at the time between France and Prussia, and this together with other and more painful matters forced Mother Odilia and a Sister to leave Paris and come again into Germany, settling in the town of Elberfeld in the Rhineland, where a priest, a Father Frederici, became a kindly helper to the nuns, in which while Mother Odilia and Sister Magdalena sought a means of living as seamstresses.

After a few weeks they were given charge of a hospital for the wounded, and leaving this at the end of the war in April, 1871, they undertook nursing in homes where smallpox had broken out, Mother Odilia meanwhile seeking in the girls and women who had joined in the work the beginning of a small group who might live together under rule, praying and working in the spirit of religious.

But such a thing was not to be thought of with the Kulturkampf in the offing (Bismarck's war on the Church) and she came to see that to lead in religion a life unhindered they should have to leave the Fatherland and somehow start anew in one or the other city of the new world.

At Elberfeld, in the time of the smallpox, they had nursed a family named Wegmann, now in America, settled in St. Louis, Missouri. To

THE LIGURIAN

these Mother Odilia began to write, asking if in this country there might be an opening for nursing Sisters, begging also through them the advice of some priests who should vouch for and give the Sisters guidance; careful, good soul, in her letters to point out that they would not ask of the priests, or in any way look for, material aid.

The Wegmanns replied most favorably; the house at Elberfeld was given up, the furniture sold, and everything set in order to take leave of Germany and sail from Hamburg the eighteenth of October.

The archbishop (Kenrick) had bade them come, and Mother Odilia writes at once for a small house in America, in a place where rents are cheap, near if might be to a Catholic church, saying they will be happy in tending but to the barest needs. "All, all for Jesus," she adds.

THE five nuns took boat at Hamburg the eighteenth as planned: Mother Odilia Berger, Sister Magdalena Fuerst, Sister Elizabeth Becker, Sister Francis Reuter, and Sister Marianna Herker, and with them went a girl, Margaret Schneider, later to take the veil as another Sister Mary Odilia. After a stormy crossing they came to St. Louis a month later, November 16, 1872, bearing a letter of Father Frederici, which made them known to all and sundry as Third Order Franciscans.

Monsignor Muehlsiepen, vicar general in charge of all German speaking Catholics of Saint Louis, gave the Sisters a kindly welcome, placing them under the guidance of Father William Faerber of Saint Mary's church at Third and Gratiot, and for a while they stayed with the Ursuline nuns until Mother Odilia, perhaps by dint of searching, found a tenement house close by St. Mary's, where she rented two rooms on the second floor, and the six of them moved in, opening there the first convent and motherhouse of the Sisters of Saint Mary.

They had with their two rooms a small summer kitchen and an attic, and beside the few things brought from Europe, Mother Odilia had gotten together or made up bits here and there, so that at least the house was made liveable. Today, in the motherhouse at Richmond Heights, there is a pleasing reminder of the goodness of a neighbor woman of those days, who seeing no light at night in the Sisters home, went in to find them in darkness for want of a lamp; forthwith one was sent, which is still kept and prized at the generalate, where every lighting fixture in hall and corridor is made to the pattern of this little

THE LIGURIAN

old-fashioned oil lamp that came so welcome to those thankful few of seventy years ago.

It need scarcely be said that the house was poor within and without, and hardship no stranger, but there was faith — as well there might be — for Mother Odilia had but five dollars in her purse on coming to St. Louis, and with that they hoped to make their beginning in this strange land. However, they got on somehow, setting to work at once for God and His poor, and Christmas found them with much the same joy and happiness as in the old days in Europe.

They had not come too soon, for the smallpox was abroad, and the nuns gave themselves heart and soul to the care of the sick, going about each with a small handbell to warn the fearful that there was coming along the street a "Smallpox Sister." Mother Odilia went day after day to the houses where her Sisters were nursing, either to relieve the nun on duty, or to bring food or drugs or clothing to the sick, and in this time the little convent was left locked throughout the day, the key hanging by so that the first Sister home might go in to make ready a welcome for the rest. But often enough the house was cold and cheerless, the cupboard more than once bare; and yet they were dauntless in the face of great need, the foundress bearing the burdens, staunch and ready as any, seeking ever as best she could the welfare of her daughters in both body and soul.

Years afterward a woman writes that as a child of eleven she remembered Mother Odilia welcoming all who came to ask of her time and help as if she saw in them but a means to serve her Lord.

A MAN one day asked at the door for bread, and though there was but one loaf in the house, and the kitchen Sister worried for the others who would shortly be home fasting, Mother Odilia without demur bade her give it away; for "the Lord will provide," was her by-word, and so it came about, as they tell of the happening, that in a little while a child, sent by her mother, brought to the door a pan of newly baked rolls. "The Lord has come," said Sister Clara, seeing the child standing there, "today, little one, you are the Lord," and she told of the loaf and the words of Mother Odilia that show not only the love of the poor that was in the woman, but the utter leaning upon God.

When the Sisters had been in St. Louis a year, and several girls had come with them, the house, small enough at the start, was over-

THE LIGURIAN

crowded, and they began with the help of friends to build alongside Saint Mary's church, using the south wall as a side to their new home—a joy to Mother Odilia, seeing the first convent built in America thus close to a church of Mary. The house was blessed and ready for the Sisters October the tenth, 1873.

And so, because they lived next to the church of Saint Mary, and likely too, because people scarcely knew their real name — Servants of the Sacred Heart — they came to be known as the Sisters of Saint Mary. And Mother Odilia, whether or not she was pleased at this change, gave in to the counsel of Father Faerber, and under the laws of the State of Missouri, 1874, they became a moral body henceforth known as the Sisters of Saint Mary, though in their vows they still made mention of the Sacred Heart, and even today the Sisters wear the red cord honoring the Heart of Jesus, a holy wish of the foundress.

The story of the first years is one of trial and poverty, and while their numbers grew their needs grew still more, so that often they must go from house to house seeking aid, or to the markets to beg where-withal to supply their table. Of their work at this time, we read of Sisters nursing in parts where smallpox had spread, of a house for the care of unmarried mothers, of plans for an orphans' home.

This second they were to give up, the lying-in shelter called Lowell, to which end Mother Odilia writes in a feast day letter to Saint Joseph: "If thou wilt give us a larger place, then sell Lowell, so that the community will not suffer loss, for thou knowest we are poor, and it was bought with hard earned money."

Closest at heart she had the work amongst the sick, yet second only to this the care of fatherless children, and for these she was given a home on Arsenal Street, Saint Joseph's, having at hand its own means of livelihood: an orchard, a garden, and a vineyard; here the mother-house was moved from Third and Gratiot, and the latter place became a downtown convent for Sisters nursing in that neighborhood.

BUT even in these busy times the foundress takes thought for the good of the soul; the rule, she says, must be kept, the common prayers faithfully said, the daily Mass offered in the chapel. In one of her letters to Saint Joseph in 1877 she asks that at the end of the year the Sisters may number fifty "who call Thee their father, the Sacred Heart of Jesus their delight, and Mary their Mother." Furthermore "If

THE LIGUORIAN

you send a good number of Sisters," she writes, "you must find room and employment for them — children, sick, poor girls — whatever is pleasing to God. We wish to do as much as possible for the honor of the Sacred Heart."

The Sisters nursing in homes found great trouble in getting things needful for the sick: sometimes a doctor could not be had, sometimes the right kind of medicine, in a word, many a case was but a hopeless struggle against sickness with but a few homely means at hand. Mother Odilia with her usual foresight and care for the sick poor, after giving much thought to this matter and taking it up in council with the Sisters, settled on buying a house on Fifteenth and Papin Streets, where they opened their first hospital in the fast growing business center of the city — Saint Mary's Infirmary — in the May of 1877. The first patients written on the books were "our dear Lord's," and during the year, out of the sixty who came thirty-six went under the same heading. Sister Clara, she of the kitchen at the old tenement convent, was the first superior.

Mother Odilia gave due time to each of her three charges, living now at Saint Joseph's Home yet going each Friday to the convent at Third and Gratiot, and thence to the Infirmary for a talk with the Sisters on things of the soul.

And in August of 1878 came news from Memphis that yellow fever had seized on the city, and later, after a wild appeal for help, and to the question of Mother Odilia: "Who would be willing to go?" five of the Sisters of Saint Mary went into this battlefield of fever and death, the fatherly Bishop Ryan, with his blessing and godspeed, weeping as they left, for within two weeks four of the five were stricken and dead. Three others had already packed and gone before the Franciscan Fathers at Memphis, seeing what the Sisters were undertaking, wrote to Mother Odilia to send no more; and the foundress, grieving bitterly at the death of her nuns, yet bowing to the will of God in giving them patrons in heaven, writes to those still alive that they must wire their every need, so that she and the Sisters "who are constantly weeping and praying for you" may do all in their power to help.

Sisters also went to Canton, Mississippi, in this time of plague, though of the five here only one was taken, one writing that she has about her seven sick and three corpses, and that another Sister is taking care of three Negro families, going from one to the other, helping each as best she can.

THE LIGUORIAN

Later there were letters of thanks, and letters showing grief at their losses, Father Faerber writing to the sorrowing foundress that the Lord has not been unfaithful, for an order with members willing to die for their calling is firm and sound, and she should wish this crown for her Sisters.

A Solemn Mass was sung for the dead, and in November Mother Odilia welcomed in joy and sorrow the eight who were left to come home.

FOR a time now she had had at heart the fixing of their state as religious, for Rome had not yet set its seal upon their rule and work, and while this matter was before the Holy See, Mother Odilia turned to the Mother of God, going on foot each morning the thirty-eight blocks from the Infirmary to Saint Alphonsus (Rock) church in St. Louis, where after Mass and Communion she and some of the Sisters said the novena prayers before the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Father Meredith, the Redemptorist rector, they found to be most courteous, giving them at the end of their nine days of prayer a full sized copy of the wonder-working picture, which has ever since been kept and cherished in the community.

Word came from Rome at last. On the feast of Saint Francis of Assisi, October the fourth, 1880, Mother Odilia and sixteen of the Sisters knelt before Monsignor Muehlsiepen in the chapel at Saint Joseph's, and made the three vows of religion, binding themselves forever to Christ, looking upon this happiness as coming to them from the hands of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

And now that the life work given her had been brought thus far, it was the will of God that she put it by for other hands and go to her reward, for on the fourth of October she had spoken her vows and on the seventeenth she was dead. Of her last illness, however, little is said, though on the tenth she had been sick and taken to her bed, the doctor called in saying she was gravely ill; on the thirteenth, when peritonitis had already set in, she was given the last Sacraments.

The Sisters came in one by one for a farewell and a blessing, and often during these days she called upon the Heart of Jesus, bidding her nuns have great love for this Sacred Heart, her own first love.

She sank slowly until Sunday the seventeenth, at three in the afternoon, the death agony began, and an hour later, while the priests and

THE LIGUORIAN

Sisters were praying for the dying, she closed her eyes on the world and gave forth her soul to God. Fourteen years before, on the same day, the feast of Saint Margaret Mary, she had begun in Paris the Sisters Servants of the Divine Heart of Jesus.

There is a likeness left of her which shows a woman rather below the middle height with a good and kindly face, yet the picture more pleasing is that which sums up her life, the picture of a true religious, a true superior withal, busy yet given to prayer, childlike in trust and piety, not self-seeking, keen to the wants and sorrows of others, most kind toward the Sisters, a thoroughly faithful daughter of the Church. Ever, says one of her Sisters, "an example of fervour at prayer, of abandonment to the will of God, of heroic confidence, of exact observance; no crosses too heavy to bear, in every trial the first thought a prayer: God's holy will be done."

At the time of her death, she was in her fifty-eighth year, the twenty-third in the religious life, the eighth after coming to America.

Her work goes on in her daughters.

May she rest in peace.

The Need to Laugh

When Abraham Lincoln was president, he once summoned Charles Farrar Browne, known in the world of literature as "Artemus Ward," to Washington. The Civil War was going on at the time, and one day Lincoln called the great humorist to a cabinet meeting. When he arrived, the president stopped the proceedings to introduce "Artemus Ward" to the cabinet members, and then read an entire chapter from one of Ward's books to them.

* The men were amazed that Lincoln, with the weight of the Civil War on his shoulders, should interrupt an important cabinet meeting to read a humorist's funny remarks. When Lincoln, laughing heartily at the chapter, looked up and saw his cabinet sitting around solemn faced, he said: *

"Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is on me night and day, if I did not laugh, I should die—and you need this medicine as much as I do."

MOMENTS AT MASS

THE TRACT OR "DIRECT PSALMODY"

F. A. BRUNNER

From Septuagesima to Easter and in Masses for the dead, the *Tract* replaces the alleluia chant. It is a psalm chant sung straight through as a simple solo, without repetition or refrain; from this method of performance it derives its name, which means "direct" or "uninterrupted," "continuous." Nowadays where the choir is well trained, the tract is usually rendered not by a soloist but by the full choir in unison.

History:

The tract is probably the oldest type of church melody in our possession, simple, rugged, the sort of solo that the cantors were wont to employ in the Jewish synagogue. It probably formed the second psalm sung between the second and third readings, before the lessons at Mass had been reduced to two, and before it was ousted by the Alleluia during most of the year. The melodies to which the tracts are chanted preserve their ancient recitative structure better than other texts do. These melodies cling strictly to the words, gently bringing out their meaning.

Content:

Most of the tracts are taken from the Davidic Psalter; three only are taken from the Canticles. Sometimes only a few verses are selected; on the first Sunday of Lent, on Palm Sunday, and on Good Friday, however, the whole psalm is sung in its entirety.

As a classical example of the Tract we might instance that for Ash Wednesday—a tract introduced by Hadrian I at the behest of Charlemagne. This tract is unusual in the material employed—verses from two different psalms and an added poetic composition—but its structure and mood, prayerful, penitent, admirably show the spirit of all the tracts.

Catholic Anecdotes



GENTLE REBUKE

Abraham Lincoln is celebrated as something of a wit, and in one instance, at least, his witticism must have afforded a little food for thought to the person who was its victim.

The person in question, a much-respected citizen, in a private interview with the President, grew so wroth as to utter an oath.

"Just a moment, my friend," said Lincoln, with the suspicion of a smile on his melancholy features. "What Church do you belong to?"

"I suppose I ought to call myself a Presbyterian," said the other, astonished, and somewhat abashed.

"Ah, I thought so!" was Lincoln's reply. "Secretary Stanton is a Presbyterian, I believe, and you used the same cuss-word he always does when he gets mad."

MEAT OR EGGS

Writing in the *Epistle*, Dorothy Fremont Grant, a convert, tells this story:

I had a marvelous time on the roof of a large New York hotel one day. It was a Friday. In company with six hundred others I sat down to lunch in the Roof Garden Restaurant. The six hundred comprised an organization which was holding an all day meeting. The luncheon menu had been selected by the group. Though a Friday, six hundred lamb chops were served.

All went well until a waiter placed a chop before me. "I'll take a poached egg," I said quietly.

I thought the man would turn a vivid green. Obviously I had thrown a monkey wrench into the works. What could be the matter? Surely this expensive hotel had one hen's egg in the ice box? Soon the head waiter was at my side. He spoke to me soothingly, as though to placate me until the strong armed guard arrived to clap on a strait-jacket.

"Doesn't madame care for her chop?" he asked.

"You forget perhaps," said I, "that today is Friday. I'll take a poached egg."

THE LIGURIAN

Tragically, the head waiter explained. "But madame," he urged coaxingly, "I'll have to send down twenty floors for a poached egg!"

"What a pity!" I sympathized. "Be sure it doesn't get cold on the way up."

There must have been other Catholics among those six hundred women. Three of the ten at my table were Catholics. But seeing the fuss, and being gentlewomen, they just smiled and said they "didn't like eggs."

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM

Frederick Zachary Werner, the distinguished Austrian poet who was converted from Lutheranism and later became a priest, was a great attraction during the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and many of the nobility were seen among his audiences. During the Congress he was presented to the King of Prussia. The monarch received him rather coldly, saying:

"Herr Werner, I do not like men who desert the religion in which they were born and bred."

"Neither do I," replied Werner, "and that is why I have deserted the religion of Martin Luther."

TAKING TWO SIDES

The great French preacher, Lacordaire, had a depth and force in his preaching which were calculated to make — and did make — a singularly profound impression on his hearers.

On one occasion, when he was supposing himself to be speaking in the character of an infidel, and as such bringing forward the strongest possible arguments against Christianity, the more simple among his audience were actually seen to tremble for the holy cause. One poor fellow was so shaken by these simulated attacks on the faith that he started from his seat, and, to the wonderment of all, exclaimed:

"Take care, Father! You will never get out of that!"

Lacordaire promptly turned upon himself and triumphantly destroyed all the objections he had formulated against himself, to the visible and audible satisfaction of all his hearers.

Pointed Paragraphs

ASHES ON THE BROW

Lent begins this year almost before the echo of the Christmas hymns has died away.

There is one class of Christians for whom Lent, whether early or late, begins and ends with the ashes of Ash Wednesday. How it can be so is difficult to understand, since in the significance of the ashes and in every prayer surrounding their use in the liturgy there is an insistent call for repentance and penance on the part of those who allow them to be placed on their brow.

As a matter of fact, the liturgical prayers with which the priest blesses the ashes lay down certain conditions for the recipients without which the whole ceremony is made futile. These conditions are such that they practically tell the recipient that unless he intends to use Lent well, he might as well spare his forehead the degradation of the ashes.

Hear the words of blessing for the ashes: "Almighty and merciful God, spare those who beseech Thee . . . send Thy holy angel from heaven to bless and sanctify these ashes that they may be a wholesome remedy to all who humbly call upon Thy holy name, and who conscious of their sins accuse themselves, either deploring their crimes before Thy divine clemency, or humbly and earnestly imploring Thy sovereign bounty. . . ." "O God, who art moved by humiliation and appeased by satisfaction, incline the ear of Thy loving kindness to our prayers and upon Thy servants' heads, sprinkled with these ashes, graciously pour out the grace of Thy blessing that Thou mayest fill them with the spirit of compunction. . . ." "Almighty and eternal God, Who to the Ninivites doing penance in ashes and sackcloth didst grant the remedies of Thy pardon, mercifully grant that we may so resemble them in their disposition as also to be like them in obtaining forgiveness."

The antiphons are even more definite in announcing what is expected of those who receive the ashes: "Let us change our garments for ashes and sackcloth; let us fast and lament before the Lord for plenteous in mercy is our God to forgive our sins." "Let us amend for the better

THE LIGURIAN

in those things in which we have sinned through ignorance, lest suddenly overtaken by the day of death, we seek space for repentance and find it not. . . ."

The last prayer summarizes all the rest: "Grant us O Lord to begin the exercises of our own Christian warfare with holy fasts; that about to fight against the spirits of wickedness, we may have the help and protection of self-restraint through Christ our Lord. Amen."

To accept the ashes in the spirit of these prayers is to accept all Lent for the season of penance and prayer it is meant to be. May the class of Ash Wednesday Catholics be a small one this year!

HOME NIGHT FOR FAMILIES

We like the suggestion of Monsignor McMenamin of Denver's Cathedral that every family establish a weekly stay-at-home night to get really acquainted with one another and to bring the home back to the position of esteem and love it should hold in all hearts.

The suggestion teems with possibilities. On one night a week, selected by the individual family, no outside dates would be permitted — not even for business, social, or charitable purposes. On that evening, entertainment and refreshments could be put in charge of one particular member of the family — all the members changing off from week to week. Even the smaller children could be given their night of responsibility — to the infinite amusement of the others and to the effective development of their initiative and resourcefulness.

The plan would bring out elements in the characters of family members that have hitherto remained unknown to their brothers and sisters and even perhaps to mothers and fathers. It would make for some of the most hilarious evenings a lot of people have ever known. It would be the grandest kind of reward for fathers and mothers, who nowadays have often to be content with working for their children without recognition and without reward. It would recreate where they have dissolved and strengthen where they have been weak, those intimate bonds between parents and children and brothers and sisters that render the whole of one's life more pleasant and safe and sweet.

It is, of course, rather sad that it is necessary to recommend that at least one night a week the family stay together. But it's no good merely crying over that phenomenon of modern life that makes home

THE LIGURIAN

but a place to eat and sleep. The "home night" can do something about it, especially if it be planned for, participated in by all, and made regular. We'd love to hear from a family or two who will try it out and tell us how it came off.

MONOPOLY OF SPEECH

A not very wholesome fact, from the viewpoint of democracy, is this, revealed by *Editor and Publisher* in its last 1939 edition: that 51 daily newspapers had to retire from the field during 1939, and that during the past 30 months the number of suspended dailies rose to 98.

Before one even pokes about beneath the surface of the fact for reasons and explanations, the thought comes that the organs of public expression, like the wealth of the country, are fast becoming concentrated in the hands of a few. Nothing will speed the country toward dictatorship more rapidly than that.

A closer look at the stories behind the fold-up of so many newspapers serves to enlarge one's fears. Many of the newspapers that ceased publications were merely absorbed by larger papers nearby or merged into chain systems. That means the growth of monopoly. Monopoly is bad in any field, but when a monopoly on free speech is effected or even approached, every other sort of monopoly can follow.

One newspaper was forced out of the field by a private utility trust, which struck back at the newspaper's campaign for giving the public cheaper electric rates by the extension of the T.V.A. in the characteristic fashion of a vested interest: by using its money first to gain control of the paper, and then to suppress it.

Still other newspapers claim to have been forced to quit the field on account of labor trouble. This significant explanation often means that the moneyed owners absolutely refused to make any concessions to labor, and rather than do so, closed their plants and threw all their employees out of work. The owners who act thus usually get out without any great impairment of their own financial status.

This chapter of 1939, therefore, is not very reassuring. The era of canned editorials, canned features, canned news comments, canned political opinions, and canned propaganda is just beginning. God help us when every newspaper in the country is the mouthpiece of one or a few self-appointed moulders of public opinion; the dark ages of American history will have descended indeed.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

In February we celebrate the birthdays of America's two greatest heroes, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. They were men single in purpose, devoted in service, undying in their love for country. May God give them rest in their heroes' graves!

It is the custom in all parts of this land for school children and politicians to churn up great waves of roaring oratory on these days in honor of the men who did so much that America might ever remain the land of the free and the home of the brave. Unfortunately neither the politicians nor the school children know, as a rule, what they are talking about. The school children give their speeches and recite their poetry because they have to; the politicians, because the tradition has been established that they so demean themselves on these particular days.

It is a strange thing to hear ignorant men wax eloquent over the Spartan discipline, the generosity of spirit, and the absolute justice of Washington and Lincoln when oftentimes none of these virtues can be found in their own lives. Were it not for luck and a circle of influential friends these same men would be in jail on the 12th and 22nd of February instead of on a platform extolling men who are as far removed from them in ideas and ideals as the sun is from the earth. One would imagine that they would at least have sense enough to be silent. But fools are never silent.

It is our duty as American citizens not to pay too much attention to the breezy mouthings of those who don't know what they are talking about, but to reflect on the lives of Washington and Lincoln, and then to model our own Americanism upon theirs. Were all of us other Washingtons and other Lincolns, America would ever remain the wonderful country these great men intended it to be.

THAT FOOTBALL GAME

The Chicago Tribune certainly had the best of intentions. But in seeking the opinions of the various presidents of Midwest universities (especially those universities that make up what is rather grandiosely called *The Big Ten*) on the advertising, publicising, and exploiting of college football for the good of Alma Mater, the paper merely maneuvered the forces into battle array. The lineup now stands, for

THE LIGUORIAN

the scrutiny of all: President Hutchins of Chicago university on one side (against football as it is promoted in *The Big Ten*), and the presidents of all the other universities on the other side (in favor of football as it is promoted in *The Big Ten*).

The battle promises to be most interesting. President Hutchins led the last attack (just a few days ago) — a full broadside of reasoned argument, proving that present day football cannot be but a danger to an institution that has for its end and purpose higher learning. However, we do not think one of his shots, though devastating and destructive, had the desired effect. He said that the university of today has become either a kindergarten or a country club, implying that football was at least to some degree responsible. Many educators, especially presidents of universities did not like that remark.

Mr. Yost of Michigan, a onetime great in football history, led a counter attack with the question: "Can 3,500 (or some such number — comment, mine) schools be wrong? They have football now, and have had football for many years. Can all these be wrong?" But this was a shot in the air, and did nothing but make the enemy chuckle. We can imagine Mr. Hutchins answering: "Of course 3,500 schools can be wrong. More than that, they are wrong. That's what we've been saying all along."

Another learned man, a president this time, attempted to stem the attack by stoutly maintaining that the students and friendly alumni built the stadium that so gloriously adorns the campus. His argument reduced to chaste simplicity would read: Football as it is played in *The Big Ten* must be above reproach because the students and friendly alumni have built the stadium. There seems to be something wrong with that argument.

Those on the other side in this war, i.e., those against Mr. Hutchins, might do well in seeking their ammunition from the same armory whence come the enemy bullets. The strange thing is — this armory is open to both sides. — It is said that Mr. Hutchins is a profound student of St. Thomas and scholastic philosophy.

THE FOLLOW-THROUGH OF PRINCIPLE

A story of genuine Christian action, as opposed to mere theory and verbiage, came out of Pittsburgh during the past month. The *Pittsburgh*

THE LIGUORIAN

Catholic, diocesan weekly, had carried the story of how the birth control campaign in North Carolina was largely supported by Clarence Gamble, heir to the soap fortune accumulated by Procter and Gamble Co.

The following week a pastor had a letter published in which he related the following facts. On the day that the paper came revealing the Gamble interest in birth-control, a check had been received from Procter and Gamble as a reward for a large number of wrappers and box-tops of the firm products which the children of the parish had laboriously collected in response to an offer of a money prize for the same.

The pastor and his committee discussed at length what should be done. Should the check be kept, on the ground that to send it back would only swell the fortune that was being expended to spread birth-control? Or should it be returned, on the ground that to keep it would exclude the opportunity of registering an effective objection to the Gamble propaganda?

Finally the harder decision was reached — to send the check back. With it went a letter explaining that the Catholics of that particular locality wanted no dealings with a firm that had involved itself in so unwholesome an undertaking.

Casuists, lay and clerical, could probably find abundant reasons why the check might be kept. But we submit that the kind of fidelity to principle that inspired its return, if more widely exercised, would profoundly influence the public morals of the country. Most of us find it too easy to discover reasons satisfactory enough to let a principle lie dormant, when to act upon it would affect our pocketbook or our comfort.

TO AMERICANS

Comparative quiet has settled over the country concerning America's chances of breaking into the current edition of Europe's war. We believe it is an unnatural, an unhealthy quiet, the kind of quiet that precedes the cataclysm. It is a quiet calculated to soften the people's resistance against foreign entanglements and alliances. It is, to say the least, very dangerous. Most Americans are defeatist enough in their attitude towards the possibility of staying at home and attending to home business

THE LIGURIAN

instead of taking a flyer in Europe without promoting that attitude by indifference and silence on the part of the organs of public opinion.

There was a piece in the papers sometime ago about a young couple who hesitated to get married in the years that immediately followed the World War on the fear that by the time their boys came of age they would be just old enough to die in the new World War. Well, love had its way, and they did get married. They had sons, too. And it turned out as they had feared. They grew up to spill their blood for a cause that is so tangled in its issues that no one can say for certain which side is certainly right; and in a war that is totally futile as a means of establishing lasting peace amongst nations and men. That young couple raised strong and healthy boys only that those boys might die, and die in vain. At least that will be the case unless we keep our eyes open and do what we can while we can still do it.

We lay the duty on the shoulders of priests, ministers, newspapers, magazines, and all other organs of public opinion to counter-propagandize the people against the "patriotism" propaganda that we feel certain is about to flood the country.

OBEDIENCE

Mother Seton never forgot a little scene which took place with her father when she was a girl. At a social visit made by the family to some of their friends, Elizabeth had played the piano, and earned the applause of all for her playing and singing. When they returned home, the girl approached her father timidly.

"Were you pleased, Father?"

"With you, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, Father."

"More than I can say."

"That I could play and sing and speak French?"

"Yes, my dear, that gave me a great deal of pleasure. But what gratified me most was the thought it was all the result of my daughter's obedience. Suppose you had refused to learn French or practice your music. Do you see how God rewards the obedient? Those who strive to do right? I hope sincerely, Elizabeth, that this will be a lifelong lesson to you. Strive to do what is right regardless of what others may say, or how they may act toward you."

♦♦♦♦♦ LIGUORIANA ♦♦♦♦♦

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

THANKSGIVING AFTER HOLY COMMUNION

The Christian, after having received Holy Communion, must make a thanksgiving. St. John Chrysostom says that if men expect us to be grateful for every little favor that they do us, and to recompense them, how much more grateful ought we to be to God for the great benefits that He bestows upon us, since without any view to recompense, but only for our advantage, He would have us be grateful to Him. If we, continues the saint, cannot thank God as He deserves, at least let us thank Him as much as we are able.

But what a misery, what an abuse, to see people, as soon as Holy Communion is received, after having been given by God the honor of taking Him into their hearts, with their lips still purpled with the Sacred Blood, muttering a short prayer between their teeth without devotion and without attention, and then leaving for their homes and their worldly pursuits, or immediately beginning to talk about useless things or the affairs of their business and the like. It would be well to do with such what Father Avila once did. Seeing a person leaving the church right after receiving Holy Communion, he sent two clerics with lights to accompany him; on which the person inquired what priest they were going to attend, and they answered: "We are accompanying the Blessed Sacrament which you carry within you." To such might be said what St. Bernard wrote to the arch-deacon Fulcone: "Alas! How can

you so soon grow tired of Jesus Christ."

Many are the devout books that inculcate and enforce thanksgiving after the reception of Holy Communion; but how many people are there who really make a fervent thanksgiving! Those who do make it can easily be distinguished. The wonder is, that while some are indeed diligent in other prayers and in other devotions, few or none remain after Mass to commune with Jesus Christ even after they have received him into their hearts. Thanksgiving after Communion ought to terminate only with the day.

Father Avila says that the time after Mass ought to be considered as of the greatest value. The time after Holy Communion is a most precious time, in which we may treat with God and obtain from Him treasures of grace. St. Teresa says, "Let us not lose after Holy Communion so fine an opportunity of treating with God: His divine Majesty is not accustomed to repay those ill with whom He takes up His abode, when they afford Him a suitable entertainment." In another place she says that Jesus Christ, after Communion, sits within us as upon the throne of graces, and says to each of us, as to the blind man whom he restored to sight, "What wilt thou that I should do for thee?" As though He said, I am here, O devout soul, to bestow upon thee my choicest graces: tell me, what wouldst thou that I should do for thee?

Moreover, it is the opinion of many learned writers, of Suarez, of Gonet, and of others, that the

THE LIGUORIAN

more the soul, after Holy Communion, during the time that the sacramental species remain, disposes herself by fervent acts of devotion, the greater are the fruits which she reaps from it; because the Blessed Sacrament is in the nature of food, and as corporal food, so long as it remains in the stomach, nourishes the body: so with this spiritual and heavenly food — so long as it remains in the body, so long does it nourish the soul with divine graces, and the more plentifully in proportion as the soul disposes herself to receive them by continued acts of suitable devotion. Besides, during this time, every pious act is of greater value and merit, inasmuch as the communicant is united to Jesus Christ according to his own words: "He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me and I in Him." And as St. John Chrysostom says, "Jesus Christ makes us then one with himself." And hence acts of piety and devotion are more meritorious than at any other time, because they proceed from the soul in union with Jesus Christ.

On the contrary, Our Lord will not waste his graces on the ungrateful, as St. Bernard says. Father Avila used to spend two hours in prayer and in communing with Jesus Christ after receiving Holy Communion. Oh, with what tenderness and affection does Jesus Christ speak to the soul after Holy Communion! With what endearing love does He treat her. It would not be much for a person to spend an hour with Jesus Christ after Holy Communion. At least, I beseech every person to spend half an hour, or at the very least, a quarter of an hour.

PRAYERS OF PETITION AFTER HOLY COMMUNION

O my Jesus, now that Thou, who art the true Life, art come to me, make me die to the world, to live only to Thee, my Redeemer; by the flames of Thy love, destroy in me all that is displeasing to Thee, and give me a true desire to gratify and please Thee in all things.

Give me that true humility which shall make me love contempt and self-abjection, and take from me all ambition of putting myself forward. Give me the spirit of mortification, that I may deny myself all those things that do not tend to thy love, and may lovingly embrace that which is displeasing to the senses and to self-love.

Give me a perfect resignation to thy will, that I may accept in peace, pains, infirmities, loss of friends or property, desolations, persecutions, and all that comes to me from Thy hand. I offer Thee all myself, that Thou mayest dispose of me according to Thy pleasure. And give me grace always to repeat this entire offering of myself, especially at the time of my death. May I, then, so sacrifice myself and my life to Thee, with all my affection, in union with the sacrifice that Thou didst make of Thy life for me to the eternal Father. My Jesus, enlighten me, and make me know Thy goodness and the obligation I am under to Love Thee above all, for the love Thou hast borne me in dying for me, and in leaving Thyself in the Most Blessed Sacrament.

I pray Thee to give Thy light to all infidels who know Thee not, to all heretics who are out of the Church, and to all sinners, who live deprived of Thy grace. My Jesus, make Thyself known, make Thyself loved.

Book Reviews

SPIRITUALITY

Mary's Garden of Roses. By Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Pages 239. Price, \$2.00.

Father Blunt needs no introduction to the Catholic public. His books have been many and interesting. His latest, we think, comes second to none of his others. It is a book on the Rosary, written by one who certainly must love the Blessed Mother very much. It is not a treatise on the Rosary, but rather a series of meditations on the fifteen mysteries in beautiful narrative form, simple in style, tender in sentiment, and scholarly in detail. But the characteristic trait of the book is its reverence and its tenderness. One is reminded of a child speaking about his mother whom he believes to be a reality more real than anything else. The very first lines of the first chapter express this idea. "Of all our beautiful Catholic customs there is none more touching and more full of meaning than that of twining about the hands of the dead the blessed Rosary beads. It is the Christian Knight returning from the tournament, victorious, tired and worn, but still holding fast the favor of his dear Lady. When I see the beads in such a circumstance I always feel more strongly the conviction, which so many of the saints had and pronounced, that they are a passport to Heaven, a visé, signed and sealed by Our Lady herself, for an eternal stay in the Kingdom of Heaven." Father Blunt is indeed a child of Mary, and he has written a book which proves it beyond a doubt. Catholics and non-Catholics could not help but enjoy its beauty and its simplicity—could not help but be inflamed by the burning love contained within its pages.—*E. F. M.*

Ascetical Conferences for Religious. By Henry A. Gabriel, S.J. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Missouri. Pages 372. Price, \$3.25.

According to the preface of this book, its purpose is to illustrate and emphasize the principles of Christian asceticism. It consists of thirty conferences dealing with all subjects and problems of the spiritual

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinion of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

life, and can be of great profit not only to souls just starting on the way of perfection, but also to those who have already journeyed far along this difficult path. Father Gabriel is

well known for his popular treatise on the Spiritual Exercises, *An Eight Day Retreat*. This new book will add lustre to his reputation. Each conference is based solidly on the principles of dogmatic theology and ascetical theology, and is written in a fairly interesting manner. However, we believe that Father Gabriel would have produced a work even more telling than the one he has, if he had appealed a little more to the imagination. It is the opinion of this reviewer that all conferences except those that are given merely for the sake of instruction should have the quality of inspiration. While the intellect may know the truth and be convinced of it, the will may still remain sluggish and indifferent. To remove this sluggishness and indifference a strong appeal should be made in each conference to the emotions and the imagination. Some might claim that this is accomplished through the personality of the speaker. To some extent it is. Still, the matter should be put up in such a way that it appeals of itself. Father Gabriel does appeal to the imagination. We believe that he could have done so even more.—*E. F. M.*

BIOGRAPHY

White Noon. By Sigrid Van Sweringen. Published by Benziger Bros. Pp. 367. Price, \$2.50.

This is the second in what apparently is planned as a series of novels based on the life of Elizabeth Bayley Seton, the "Mother Seton" who many think will be the country's first canonized saint. The first novel—"As the Morning Rising"—was concerned with the heroine's early life and most of her short married life, and ended with plans being made for a sea voyage which it was hoped might restore her husband's failing health. The present work covers less than a year in Elizabeth Seton's life, and is centered around her conversion to the Catholic Church which takes place in Italy after

THE LIGUORIAN

her husband's death there. The book ends dramatically as Elizabeth, back in Philadelphia once more, announces her conversion to a group of her Episcopalian relatives and friends.

The eminent critic, Brother Leo, made the remark (at first sight rather strange) about "As the Morning Rising" that readers may discover in it a "touchstone to their own esthetic and spiritual growth." This is high praise indeed for a living novelist, but we feel able to concur in it to the full. Miss Van Sweringen shows remarkable insight into and skill in handling the motives of human action; her treatment of spiritual reactions and crises, though delicate, is confident and sound; and her prose is as beautiful as that of any modern Catholic writer.

Prospective readers must not expect a typically modern and fast-moving novel in "White Noon," but if they can appreciate adventure in the spiritual realm (which is infinitely more exciting than its physical counterpart) if they can recognize the quiet beauty of spiritual things, they will take this novel and its predecessor to their hearts. — L. G. M.

White Wings and Barricades. By a Daughter of Charity. Translated from the French of Celine Lhotte and Elizabeth Dupeyrat. Published by Benziger Bros. Pages 178. Price, \$1.00.

The subject of this little biography is Jeanne Rendu — "Sister Rosalie" — an heroic Sister of Charity who lived and became famous for her charitable works in France during the first half of the nineteenth century.

Her story is certainly well worth the telling, taking place as it does during the troublous years following upon the French Revolution. But to this reviewer the book leaves something to be desired. The conversational passages do not ring genuine; people are made to say things and perform actions which somehow fail against normality. But perhaps we are expecting too much. Only a writer of the first rank can visualize and give realistic expression to scenes and episodes out of the past, and not too many of our writers are of the first rank. At any rate, this little book deserves to be read by anyone interested (as who is not?) in the great work accomplished by the Sisters of Charity, and in the conditions faced by Ozanam (who sat at the feet

of Sister Rosalie) when he inaugurated his great charitable organization.

—L. G. M.

NATURAL SCIENCE

Bird Voices. Sonnets. Battle Dore. By William Bacon Evans. Published by the author, Moorestown, N. J. Pp. 68. Price, 25 cents.

The author of this little collection of verse is wise enough not to entitle his work as poetry, and hence we are enabled to approach it in the right spirit and enjoy it for what it is: a very clever set of rhymes and verses. For there is a difference between poetry and verse; to write genuine poetry is a gift that few possess, and there is nothing more depressing than the product of a pen which thinks itself so gifted and, alas, is not. Mr. Evans however shows talent in expressing old thoughts in new form. The "Bird Voices" (imitations in verse of the songs of various birds) are quite ingenious, and in only a few instances in the Sonnets does he strive to paint a picture larger than his canvas will allow.

—L. G. M.

SCRIPTURE

Jesus the Messiah. The Four Gospels in One Narrative According to the Chronological Order. By J. M. Bover, S.J. English Adaptation by J. Burgers, S.J. Illustrated. Published by C. Wildermann Co., New York. 334 pages. Price, \$1.00.

We believe that this is a book that will have a wide sale and a wider use wherever it is made known. As the sub-title indicates, it takes the four Gospels and weaves them together into a single chronological order so that they present the life of Christ in one continuous narrative. The greatest difficulty attached to the reading the Gospels one after the other is that of ascertaining the proper sequence of events and therefore of locating incidents in one Gospel in the whole story. This harmonized account obviates that difficulty, at the expense of an infinite amount of scholarship and industry on the part of the editor. The book is bound in handy size, and includes an excellent chronological table at the end. The price is not too high. Nothing better could be suggested for daily Lenten reading. — D. F. M.



Catholic Comment



Best joke of the month: A radio speaker in Russia is reported in the newspapers to have announced in the Finnish language that unless the Finns become conscience stricken and return the implements of war which they stole in one of the battle sectors from the Russians, Russia the righteous will show its anger by declaring war on Finland. Tsk! tsk! Conscienceless villains, these Finns, to be taking the guns out of the Russians' very hands and the tanks from under them when the good kind Russians are just about to kill every Finn in sight with them. But perhaps the radio announcement proves something. Perhaps the Russian citizenry have not yet been told that their nation has attacked Finland, and announcements of this kind are meant to support the wild propaganda that Finland is threatening to invade Russia and assassinate Stalin. . . . And that's the haven of democracy about which American pinks used to rave!



This column has repeatedly made use of a not very subtle form of propaganda against any sentiment for the participation of the United States in foreign wars. The technique used has been a mere comparison of conditions here with conditions "over there." Of course such a method does not provide any intellectual analysis of issues, nor cast any new light on the question of when war is justified. But convinced as we are, with most Americans, that we have no business getting involved in any war, we might as well oppose the pure sentimentality that could involve us with like motives to the contrary. For those whose sentiments are influenced by so crass a thing as food, a daily paper unconsciously offered a comparison in a recent issue that could well make their stout hearts quail. In a news story, a sample diet for a week recommended (if not commanded) to families in Germany by the Nazi government was outlined. On the woman's page of the same paper, a suggested menu for a day's meals for an American family was outlined by the food editor. The results were as follows: Recommended to Germany's families: Breakfast, malt coffee with skimmed milk, whole wheat bread with jam or lard. Lunch, vegetable soup, apples cooked with barley. Dinner, potato soup, bread and butter, red cabbage. Recommended by food editor to American families: Breakfast, apricot nectar, browned corn meal mush with brown sugar syrup, bacon, toast, milk, coffee. Lunch, hot potato salad, frankfurters, chicory or lettuce sandwiches, applesauce, cake, milk. Dinner, baked beans in tomato sauce, buttered cabbage, carrot straws, stuffed celery, bran muffins with honey, grape Bavarian cream, milk, coffee. A note appended to the menus in Germany by an outsider remarks that many of the things listed are impossible to procure. A note might be added to the American menu that there are a thousand other things that may be selected from by the housewife. Something of what war means to the home-folks, can be gleaned from that.



A great many commonplace expressions concerning the human brain really have no meaning, according to the findings of modern scientists. We talk about

THE LIGUORIAN

people of preeminence in any field as "having brains"; we are asked, when we commit egregious errors, "Where are your brains?" Similarly, all references to the head as the seat of genius or idiocy because the brain resides there, are wide of the mark. It seems that no credit and no blame should be given the brain for the differences in human behavior. At the Wistar Institute connected with the University of Pennsylvania there is a collection of 200 brains taken from scholars, idiots and ordinary persons (after their death, of course). The collection is open to the study of any scientist who wishes to find out what made one the brain of a scholar, another the brain of an idiot, etc. To date absolutely no indication of a basis for differences in personality has been found in these brains. One man who helped found the collection and who studied the specimens for 35 years, Dr. Henry H. Donaldson, died without being able to reach a single conclusion. Rather, in one of his last scientific papers he proposed the theory that differences in human personality arise from the character of the blood-stream. Perhaps eventually the scientists will get around to seeing that no purely material or mechanical element in man can be called the source of his greatness; that both body and soul have something to do with it. Meanwhile, be up to date. Don't say "a man of brains," but "a man with a very fine blood stream."



It is good to hear even thin frail voices raised now and then against the more or less taken-for-granted, yet crying social evils of the day. The writer, Damon Runyan, well known for the cleanliness of his fiction, recently touched off a modest blast against the obscenities to be found in the theatre, in the magazine field, and even in much of the music of our day. Yet he adds, with quite some truth: "We must say if we were in the crusading racket, we could think of a lot of things more deplorable than stage smut. That is, after all, just a minor offense against public decency. It is bad, yes. We have said that. Others have said it, too. It is shameful. But in the last analysis, it is just a tiny reflection of a far greater and more alarming thing, which is the prodigious drift of civilization from God and His teachings, to which civilization must soon return, else we are all lost." While we agree wholeheartedly with Runyan in this, we have a suggestion to make to him. He is a recognized writer. He is highly esteemed by the journalistic profession, and no doubt can sell his literary productions sight unseen and often make his own terms. If he is really convinced of what he says, that we have to get back to God and His teachings or we are lost, why couldn't he, without becoming a racketeering crusader, introduce something of real religion into his writings? Besides being clean, as he is to his everlasting credit, why couldn't he be definitely and outspokenly Christian? It is easy to say in a column, "we have to get back to the old religious truths or be lost." Why not prove it by getting back there himself in that field where his influence is most potent?



The pastor of a Catholic church in Hartford, Connecticut gets the palm this month for public spirited generosity. A proposal was made to the city Council that an abandoned city-owned grammar school be turned over to his church for use as a parochial school for the price of \$1.00. The pastor refused the offer, insisting on paying \$24,000 for it because, he said, "it is city property which belongs to all of the citizens, and no group should be given any advantage over any other group."

Lucid Intervals

The small delivery boy was bringing groceries to a new customer and had encountered a huge dog in the yard. "Come in," said the lady of the house. "He doesn't bite." The boy still hung back. "Does he swallow?" he asked.

*

I don't think so much of skywriters, In fact, I detest them, by heck; I can't say a kind word about them; They give me a pain in the neck.

*

A veterinary surgeon was instructing a farmer as to a suitable method for administering medicine to a horse.

"Simply place this powder in a gas pipe about two feet long, put one end of the pipe well back in the horse's mouth and blow the powder down his throat."

Shortly thereafter the farmer came running into the veterinary's office in a distressed condition.

"What's the matter?" asked the veterinary.

"I am dying," cried the farmer. "The horse blew first!"

*

Did you hear about the Scotchman who didn't come out of his hotel room for three days and was found sitting on top of his suitcase, with his brow wrinkled in concentration, in front of a sign that read, "Think, have you left anything?"

*

One of the great sages of the ages left posterity the following observation: Marry by all means. If you get a good wife you will become very happy; if you get a bad one you will become a philosopher — and that is good for every man. — *Socrates*.

*

Fraternity Man: "Gimme a toothbrush."

Clerk: "What size?"

Fraternity Man: "Biggest you got. There's 30 of us in the club."

*

Lady: Are you the plumber

He: Yes ma'am. I'm the plumber all right.

Lady: Well, I just wanted to remind you that my floors are highly polished and in perfect condition, so be careful.

Plumber: Oh, don't worry, I've got nails in my shoes, so I won't slip.

Three jovial travelers were dining together at a hotel one day, when it was agreed between them that whichever of them possessed the oldest name should be exempt from paying the cost of the dinner each one was enjoying.

The first traveler man said: "My name is Richard Eve, and that is rather old, you must admit."

The next man replied: "My name is Adam Brown; I go further than you."

The third traveler, with a merry twinkle in his eye, took his business card from his pocket and showed it to the other two, who read on it these words, "Mr. B. Ginning."

*

The landlady brought in a plateful of extremely thin slices of bread and butter, which rather dismayed her hungry men boarders.

"Did you cut these, Mrs. Brown?" said one.

"Yes — I cut them," came the stern reply.

"Oh!" went on the boarder. "All right; I'll shuffle and deal!"

*

Molly had just arrived back from a char-a-banc outing.

"How did you enjoy yourself, Molly?" asked her grandma.

"Oh, it was all very beautiful, but you should just see the 'Devil's gorge.'"

"My dear," reproved the shocked old lady, "you shouldn't speak like that of your friends. I expect the ride and the fresh air gave them an appetite."

*

Young Bride: Henry, tell me that you think only of me.

Henry: It's this way — now and then I have to think of the furnace.

*

Little Mary had been taken to the zoo for the first time, and when she got to the storks she threw them bits of bun. One of them gobbled them down and then nodded his head for more. Turning to her mother, Mary asked:

"Mummy, what kind of a bird is that?"

"It's a stork darling," replied mother.

"Oh," said Mary, after a moment's silence, "no wonder it recognized me."



